CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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THE MAN IN THE SHACK

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

He is swarthy and brown from the glow of the sun
And the world does not dream of the work he has done,
For the world has its heroes of pomp and parade
Who are honored because of the waste they have made,
But this man drives the desert and wilderness back
By his brain and his brawn, does the Man in the Shack.

Where the prairie stretched bare in the summer's hot glow
Or was weary and drear in the shroud of the snow
He has builded his shack; he has pitted his toil
'Gainst the silence and space that would make him their spoil,
And our civilization is wearing a track
To the line that is set by the Man in the Shack.

He is rough, he is crude—but the world where he lives
Is but rough and but crude in the life that it gives,
With the wind sweeping down with a fury that jars
And the night with its lonely array of the stars—
Yet he does not make moan over what he may lack,
But looks out on his conquest—the Man in the Shack.

Aye, the Builder, the Doer, the Winner of Ways!
He is shaping a realm with the toil of the days,
And no hero of old had a sturdier heart
Or more nobly performed what he saw as his part;
And the future he bears on his sinewy back—
Here's a hail and a health to the Man in the Shack!

Estevan, Saskatchewan.

Drawn by Charles Henry Drogkamp. The Shadow Man—see page 322

THERE APPEARED, THROUGH A THIN VEIL OF CLOUD, THE SHADOWY FIGURE OF A GIGANTIC MAN

CANADA WEST

VOLUME VI. LONDON, ONT., SEPTEMBER NUMBER 5

WITH THE INVADING YANKEES

BY WALTER P. McGUIRE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IRON bars held back the crowd. Beyond them a multitude of noises, magnified in the great train shed, rioted in the vaulted arches. Locomotives breathed as though exhaustion threatened them, and it sounded as if a thousand other engines, up among the beams, were mocking. Trucks piled high with luggage, expressage and the mails were drawn by bending men over the platform planks, their black shadows sliding round them as they passed the glowing arcs, and disappeared between long lines of cars; and reappeared unloaded. Uniformed men with lanterns came and went; and far down the platform, now and then, torches flamed and illumined forms of men in overalls and caps. A train drew out, the echoing puffs drowning the gentler breathing of the waiting locomotives. Then a caller's voice moved, as the man moved, among the crowd on the concourse. A gate was opened. The crowd gathered up hand-luggage and children, shuffled forward, and filed through onto the platform.

Up next the baggage car they stowed the pioneers—men in whose veins was "the hardy thrill of life," men of imagination, who had the power of forming ideal pictures, who had enjoyed a mental change of scene and were lured by it; men whom dull content had not spoiled, far-sighted men with daring and no fear of a risk or of a test of their endurance—they and their children; pioneers all. I went with them into a new land.

* * * * * *

In a maze of red and green lights, past other trains with noising engines, and clanging bells at crossing-gates, the train moved slowly; then suddenly there was an absence of all other noises, and sounded only the whirring of the wheels—on, on, with accelerated motion, the monody unbroken save by a rhythmic clicking over rail-joints, which metered the movement. They pioneer more hurriedly than did their fathers. Ties of a lifetime severed, old homes abandoned, neighbors, closer than friends, left behind;—perhaps the suddenness with which one is carried from them in this day intensifies the pang, but it also quickens its departure. This I saw.

There is something mystic about riding through the dark—an accentuated feeling of helplessness, of sole dependence upon other men and things which, in the solitude of night when customary signs of life are hid, seem

INTO THE NEW NORTHWEST—BEYOND THE RAILWAYS

preternatural. To my companions, who ride by train infrequently, the strangeness of such journeying would have been uncommonly impressive, I am sure, had they not been so occupied with the homely task of stowing away each a great giant's load of satchels, baskets, bags and boxes, and getting into unfamiliar beds. Retiring into a berth is an awkward business for the best of travelers; for these, to whom it was a new endeavor, it was almost Sisyphean. But the plaguey job was done, in time.

The clicking of the wheels and the never-ending roar were unwonted night sounds to these farmer folk, and many spent the night—as some admitted on the morrow—sleeplessly. The shades upraised, they saw the flying lights of villages and towns, and children trembled, and some cried out, when other trains roared past. Now the moon's sheen on rippled water showed a lake or river; now a light among the trees marked the home of a farmer; now the hollow rumble of the train told of the crossing of a bridge. Through the gloom, deeper when the lights had disappeared in homes in villages and country—on, on went the wakeful pioneers.

* * * * * *

Men accustomed to starting their chores at sunup cannot lie abed merely because occasion offers; nor can the women who are their mates.

"It's like a picnic," a boy's voice said in glee, and that awakened me.

"S-sh," said the mother. "Maybe some folks is sleeping yet. Don't you make so much noise."

When I poked my head between the curtains I saw that my berth was the only one not made up. It was but 6.30. I dressed in a hurry. The car smelled like a farm kitchen at breakfast time, and at one end of the car I heard things frying; it made me hungry.

"When'll we reach Canada?" was the first thing I overheard when I reached the smoking room.

"We ought to be there pretty soon, I suppose," another said.

THE FIRST HOME

"We're in it now" I volunteered.

"You—don't—say?" asked one, with incredulity in his tone.

"Yes, we are." I had made the trip before.

"Well, I de-clare," said the doubting one. He and his companions crowded to the window. One ran out into the aisle and I heard him shout:

"We're in Canada now!"

When I went back into the car all eyes were on the passing landscape.

"I wisht someone'd told me so's I could 'a' seen th' boundary line," said a voice, which I recognized as the one that had noted the similarity between a basket breakfast on a train and a picnic lunch.

"It isn't much different from Minnesota," said a young woman. She was scarcely thirty, yet had four children; and in her face and theirs was the same bloom, the same smile.

"'Taint much different from Iowa, either, as far as I can see," said an elderly man in the next seat.

There were, indeed, no differences. Town succeeded town with the same regularity—the same towns, they might as well have been, so like were they; and between them farms with no unfamiliar aspect—houses and barns built on the same general plan, and moving among them women at their morning tasks, and in the fields men and boys engaged in accustomed employ. Dew sparkled on the grass, wetting boots that walked in it; birds sang with matutinal rapture, as they did "back home,"—the same birds, too. Here, for some, was disillusion. The chief fault the boy found was:

"*I* don't see any British flags."

* * * * * *

It was in the comparative seclusion of the smoking room that I obtained the nearest view of these pioneers; rather, it was there that they revealed themselves to me most clearly. Thrown by chance into this northing tide, in one of the thousands of cars that carry men into a new West from an old one grown too small to hold them, I had unusual opportunity to see types and learn the reasons for their emigration.

MOVING TO CANADA EASIER THAN DOING CHORES

A thirteen year old boy who took two car loads of settlers' effects to the Dominion from the States

An old West grown too small to hold them? Absolutely! And why? Because, as I have said, these were men who coupled imagination with business sense. A tall, angular man of forty-two years, with a prognathus face not wholly hid by a generous crop of whiskers, and small, piercing eyes that shone the brighter in the reddish copse, and an unstarched aspect of person, gave me the first glimpse I had among these people of the impelling resentment against constraint.

"Guess I'm pretty much like my father," he said. "His folks gave him eighty acres near their farm in Indiana in 1846 and he could have settled down there and made a living. But he

didn't. He came west to the end of the railroad line—it was Iowa City then—and walked about ninety miles farther and cut down trees at the edge of a wood and built a log house. Then he returned to Indiana and got mother—she was only sixteen then, and a year married—and they began farming. It was hard work, and they lived on nothing but corn bread and molasses one winter—I've heard 'em tell about it many a time—and for four years father hauled his grain to Des Moines, that was the nearest market and was thirty-seven miles from the farm. But they were happy there, and got pretty rich, and father always said he was glad he left Indiana.

"Now I'm leaving old Iowa, and the old farm. Father paid $9.00 an acre for the place. I got $108.00. But I don't think I'd have moved if I hadn't got so restless on the old place, for I was making money enough to live on quite comfortable. You ever live on a farm? Well, if you didn't you ain't got any idea how hard it is to stay cooped up on 160 acres when you've got enough machinery to farm a place several times that size, and have to let it stand idle most of the time; and when you know how fine it is to stand in your doorway and look out over a strip of this old earth and can feel that it's your own and nobody can take it away from you; and when you figure that if you only went out to some new part of the earth like your father did, you could look over a strip much bigger than that, and just as good for farming—then you'd know exactly why I've started for Canada. I mean," he added, looking out of the window, "why I've *come* to Canada. You wouldn't think, though, that you was in Canada if you didn't *know* it, would you? The same sights over again. And it's different too, from what it was in father's time. Now we've got plenty of railroads to take us there."

"Yes," said I, "and there is no further call for the prairie schooner. It's hard to get away from the railways these days, and even as it is the Canadian Northern, the Canadian Pacific, and the Grand Trunk Pacific are building additional branches all over western Canada at the rate of a mile or more a day. It's easy to go out to the border of Canada now. How far west are you going?"

"My new place is between Calgary and Edmonton. My brother bought it for me; and I'm going to homestead on an adjoining quarter section, so that my kiddies will have lots of room to grow."

"Well, you'll see something different on the ride to-morrow," I assured him.

* * * * * *

"The thing that kept me from making this move three or four years ago," said an older man—he was nearly sixty, from his looks—"was the thought of leaving the United States. When George here was a baby"—he pointed to a young man who sat opposite—"I got to thinking that I wasn't doing the right thing by staying on my farm in Illinois when there were such fine land bargains farther west and so many of my friends were hurrying out to get them. And in 1890 I made the break. Went to Oklahoma with the big rush, when settlements were started officially with a whoop and a hurrah. Well, in four years (after the boom busted) I was back on my old farm and mighty glad that I hadn't lost twice as much as I did.

"Still, I wasn't satisfied on the old place, but I was kept busy for several years making up for my expensive dab at Oklahoma, and didn't think much about speculating. Then one day Charley Kelso, who owned the eighty next to mine, sold out and went to Canada. The next year he got his brother-in-law, Henry Dolliff (he lived about two miles from my place) to go. What they wrote back set me to thinking again. Judging from Kelso's account, there wasn't any speculation or gamble about the deal he made. Mary—that's my wife—and I talked it over a long time. We both thought it would be a good thing to move, but we just couldn't bear to leave the United States. Then one night Mary put up the argument that her father had loved Germany as much as we loved the United States; that he had fought for the fatherland; that all of his relatives lived there; yet he left them all and

came to America merely because he thought he could do better and provide better for his children. After all, Mary said, it was our children that we ought to look out for, and it was our duty to provide for them the best we could, no matter where it took us. That decided me, and I came to Canada and picked out the land I wanted. Now we're going to it."

* * * * * *

In verity, men like these are not men who take life just as it is handed out to them and do not struggle for improvement; they are not men who wait for fruit to fall, they pick it; they do not drift, they row.

* * * * * *

Those aboard a railway train are more than isolated—they are insulated. One is *in* so much of the world, yet *of* no part of it. This separation, once sensed, is bound to be impressive. In the longest journeys the sense comes clearest. Ride through the day and night,—through the gradual, silent dawn, the hour of sunrise, when the rays are ranging and dispossessing the dark from the deepest glens; through the warmest noontime; through the evening, when shadows lengthen and grow dim and hide again in darkness; and through the sombrous hours when all the earth's obscured;—then one feels apart from what we call society. And clearer yet is this sensation when one rides across a level, almost empty land. As the minutes roll, so roll the miles; time and space progress in perfect, easy step; and everywhere the seemingly illimitable acres. Alone—almost as much alone as a vessel on the sea—the train skims on, "far and farther than far," and the feeling grows of an aloofness from a life one knows is his.

* * * * * *

We were speeding west from Winnipeg, across the Manitoban plains.

"You were right," said my friend, the angular man.

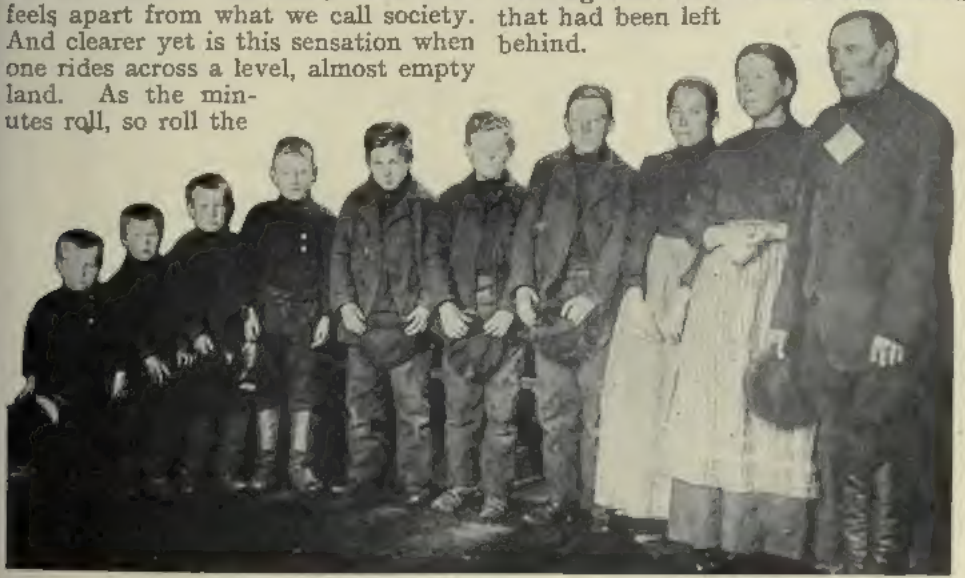
"In what?"

"In prophesying something different for to-day."

"You find it so?"

"I never dreamed the earth was so big," he said.

We stood on the rear platform, for our car had been shifted at the point where we turned west. Thousands upon thousands of acres had appeared to us, and slid on by and rolled from view over the ever-changing, ever same, horizon. Almost a wilderness in parts; yet never quite so, for when a prairie was unwound from underneath the train and grew to vastness in the fast receeding east, and it seemed at last to be a manless world, a furrowed field would come in sight, and barn, and house, and men would be seen working there as in the different world that had been left behind.



THE KIND OF SETTLERS THE DOMINION WANTS ARE NOT CONCERNED WITH THE PROBLEM OF RACE SUICIDE

WINNIPEG IS THE FIRST BIG CANADIAN CITY AT WHICH THE AMERICAN HOMESEEKERS STOP

Within the car the interest grew as the breadth and length of this yet thinly peopled land were shown. In journeying through it I had grown disregardful as the land appeared and disappeared with such slight variations. But these pilgrims—each having it in his heart to conquer a part of this wide plain, to "stand in his doorway and look over a strip of this old earth and feel that it is his own, and that nobody can take it from him,"—*they* showed no disregard. The multiplication of miles seemed to fascinate; and I thought I saw that it was more than wonder; that it was, in some at least, a yearning to own more than they then had, or had the means to buy; that they hoped (idly or seriously) to have dominion over miles of these productive prairies, to *more* than have and hold—to plant and cultivate and garner. Land-lust? Probably that's what it was.

And it was more than my mere fancy that these new pioneers thought of such big things.

"How many men and teams d' you think 'twould take to farm as big a piece as we can see from this window now?" I overheard one of them ask of another.

"A hundred or more, I'll bet," the friend replied.

"Huh! A hundred couldn't tend what's between them two farmhouses over there. I don't think a thousand men and teams could work all the land we see."

"Well, I'll bet if *I* had that many *I* could do it."

"Wouldn't you like to have the chance?"

"Now *wouldn't* I?"

* * * * * *

The ride that day was like a race with the sun. Much of the time the train and sun were the only features of note below the horizon or above it; all else was brownish earth and cloudless, cobalt sky. In this immensity the two moving things pursued their separate courses as though seeking the same end. Looking at the earth near by, the traveler could see the speed the train was making, and then it seemed as though it surely would outrun the sun; but when one looked afar across the land the train seemed standing still. The sun, however, moved, as always, at its unvarying pace; and from the hour of noon it left the train behind and reached the west, while the locomotive struggled on, with snort and lurch, to achieve a similar goal. The last hour of that imaginary contest—when the sun, the victory won, seemed to pause at the horizon and watch, with race-red face, the train tear forward when hope of everything but "place" was lost—was most thrilling to him who had the apologue in mind.

* * * * * *

The train, however, should not be too severely blamed for its defeat, for it raced under disadvantage. When it had run to three o'clock, it found it was but two. An hour had been stolen from it. And those aboard had connived, or calmly acquiesced. They had won that hour, as it seemed. Some took it diffidently, and gave it no more thought than was demanded for the alteration of their watches. To others it was a real event. Several were unfeignedly surprised when they heard of it. A few had an aspect of perplexity after a patient explanation had been made of the phenomenon.

"The folks back home are having supper now," a young man said to a companion when his watch had told them it was five o'clock. The women in the car had just begun to dip again into their abundant baskets for provisions for another meal, and the porter was replenishing the anthracite in the range.

"Seems we're getting pretty far away when we don't even have the same time o' day," the other man observed, and the eby voiced the one general effect of the alteration of watches—the accented realization of the distance they had gone.

* * * * * *

I spent the evening with a friend in a Pullman up ahead, and was surprised when I returned to the tourist car at ten o'clock. Three-fourths of the pioneers had not got into their berths, but sat, most of them in twisted, uncomfortable positions, with their eyes, shaded by their hands, close to the window panes.

"Have you seen?" asked the angular man, and looked out again.

Small wonder that he was interested. It was as bright as day outside, but it was a strange, unnatural illumination. Far to the north was another of those peculiar fires. The flames, licking round a monster pile, were rising swiftly into the air, perhaps two hundred feet. The big red streaks swayed back and forth as the wind, whizzing across the plains, hit and circled the burning heap and then passed on, carrying with it huge masses of yellow smoke tumbling and tossing in the brilliant glare. Now the smoke billowed upward and rolled toward the east like enormous cumulus clouds; now, encountering an alternating current, it was blown southward with a rush that robbed it of its grace of outline and stretched it out in long flat layers across the sky, the reflection of the fire marking it at first distinctly and then following it uncertainly as it dissolved and disappeared.

As we were whirled across the prairies we could see now and again the forms of farmhouses and barns and haystacks distinctly silhouetted against the reddish distance. There, now, was a team of oxen (a team, because they are not yoked in this country) which we could distinguish by their thick bodies and low-hanging heads. On the wagon sat a driver who waved his hat frantically, presumably at us. Occasionally big, wide-winged birds would soar in great circles between us and the glowing fire.

For ten minutes the light of this blaze could be seen, and for twenty more its ruddy reflection was apparent in the heavens. And we were going hard onto a mile a minute then! Meanwhile we passed a dozen other fires, some almost as large, others small. Around one of them, which was nearby, we descried a score of men and boys and several women dancing in the light of the flames. It was a strangely fascinating scene.

The explanation was not difficult. Perhaps the story which I told about it to the boy would serve best here:

That was the destruction of the refuse of those gigantic farms. The husbandman, having harvested his wheat and carted it to such big elevators as we had seen along the line, returned to his acres to find them littered with straw. There was the fall plowing to be done, and the fields, some of them miles square, had to be cleared. So the horses and oxen were hitched to the wide rakes and the stacking was done. Then the farmer and his family, their season's work completed, made the burning a jollification. The hundreds of fires which dotted the plains and lighted the sky were burning testimonials to a prosperous year.

* * * * * *

More hungrily than before did the pioneers look at the land. There, there in that expanse—some place farther on—to-morrow morning—they would get off the train and build homes like those now seen against the reddish glow of distant strawstack fires; and next year, after they had taken in their grain, they, too, would burn their straw, and would have their neighbors in for their jollification. How could they sleep?

THE MACKENZIE BASIN

BY ABEL LLOYD

TREMENDOUS, brooding, in a northern clime,
. Dominions of the future 'twixt thy slopes.
Hiding in vast expanse, primeval time,—
The yet unconquered beacon of our hopes.

THE MAN WHO GROWS POTATOES

BY NELLIE L. McCLUNG

Author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny", etc.

TO people who are accustomed to think of the West as a great rushing new country with no past, very little present, and a great future; a country so new it still has the basting threads in it; a country that still resounds with the clamor of building, it may be of interest to hear of one quiet little spot where no change has come for thirty years.

If you will drive about three miles from one of the towns on the Pembina branch of the railway, you will see turning off from the main road, an old, old, grass-grown trail. Follow it and it will bring you into a grove of tall oak trees so high and old they do not seem like Manitoba trees at all..

Down the trail a short distance you come suddenly on a little square house. The old man sits on the little porch before the door, tenderly sorting over for the hundredth time, not a bag of shining guineas, like the old men in books, but a bag of Early Rose potatoes, or Blue Cups, or Bovies, or maybe some other kind of which you have never heard, for potatoes are the old man's dearest treasure, and the objects of his tenderest solicitude.

The old man will come stiffly over to you. The stiffness is not from lack of friendliness, but because the old man is "getting on." He is a tall, thin, pleasant-looking old Scotsman, with iron-gray hair and kindly gray eyes.

He speaks slowly, with a strange, rolling tone, and looks sharply at you as he speaks to see if you are catching the real significance of his remarks.

"Won't you come and see the garden?" he says, with fine hospitality, that no one can refuse.

In a little circle the garden is cut out of the oak bush, and is fenced neatly with thin laths. The gate, made of crossed laths, is fastened by an old wooden latch, with wooden pegs instead of nails. It is so old it is almost falling to pieces, and when you gently shove it back on its wooden hinges the bar you have grasped crumbles in your hand.

The garden is carpeted thick with fallen leaves, undisturbed for years, for it is a garden only in name now, but at one end, brave little pansies show their purple faces, and sweet alyssums' white stars look up at you wondering at the intrusion. The old man asks you to pick them and tells you the sweet alyssum is a "cemetery plant," and a quick thought crosses your mind. You think of how old Scotch women always have their shrouds made ready, waiting!

Outside of the door is his open-air cupboard, an immense branching oak—wooden pegs have been driven in, and on them hang cups, pitchers, saucepans, pots, clean and sweet with heaven's own breezes. On another tree hangs his broom; on another his scythe; in another there is an antler, mossed over with age; he tells you he has had it quite a while, well, maybe twenty years.

"Come and see my cook-house," he says, winking humorously—he has a good joke here, and brings you under the biggest trees where a little cooking stove with two lengths of pipe sits.

"I have a splendid high ceiling in my cook-house," he laughs, waving his long arms upward to the blue sky,—"nothing stuffy about my cook-house," and you laugh too, and wonder how many times the old man has turned this over in his mind. "I made George Stevens laugh last summer when he was here," the old man chuckles, "when I showed him my cook-house."

"Now see my eave-trough," he says proudly,—and a long peeled pole

scooped into a trough standing up against a tree to season, is lovingly fingered by its maker.

On the limb of a tree is the family wash, or maybe the linen chest,—one solitary shirt, clean and well bleached, the twin brother of the one the old man is wearing.

"I was in to see the doctor one day, the summer before last," the old man says, rolling out his words, "and we got talking about potatoes and he was telling me about a fine kind they grow in Nova Scotia. I think they must be Bovies—by what he said!"

The old man can't imagine anything finer than a Bovie. And now that he has taken you around his little world and shown you all the points of interest, he settles down to enjoy himself and tells you about his potatoes. Tells you about the Red Eye that he gave to a neighbor, who carelessly sowed them on old land and "they faded, sir—the Red Eye faded, but when he put them on good, strong, new sod it came back," and the old man looks searchingly in your face to see just what manner of man you are. If there's any heart in you at all he knows that will strike you.

"Sowing potatoes on old land around burnt strawpiles," you venture, "gives very good results."

The old man looks at you in sorrow.

"If you sow your potatoes there," he says, more slowly than ever, "you will have"—he pauses and waits until you are all attention, "you will have a perfect—crop—of—toads."

The old man has not forgotten how to laugh.

He takes you into his little house, which is clean and swept. His furniture consists of one bench, two chairs, and a table he has made himself, and a clock on a shelf. An old-fashioned oak clock with St. Paul's Cathedral on it hurriedly strikes five, and then ticks faster than ever to make up for the time it lost. It has measured off the time for him for thirty years.

He takes you into his cellar, for his choicest treasures are there in little bins, with grass bottoms. He gravely hands you an apple and as it is summer time, waits for you to ask him how he has kept them so well.

You do not disappoint him, for they are firm and well preserved.

He does not answer, but apologizes and says often he has them until August first.

When you part from him, he gives you the highest token of his regard, a Bovie—a perfect Bovie. He tells you that though he has handled in his time some few potatoes he never saw a more perfect one than this, "Never, sir."

You bring home your Bovie and plant it reverently, for someway you keep thinking of the "cemetery plant" growing there beside the crumbling fence, and you wonder to yourself a little sadly, if it will have long to wait.

REVENGE

BY MADGE MACBETH

O'ER beetling crags, and gray toned sea,
I saw his face peep out at me,
All smiling. In my hour of pain
I cursed at him, and swore again
To break his heart!

'Twas Cupid! And on starlit night
Athrob with love—my soul alight—
I longed for him, but cried in vain;
For tho' he came and kissed me (Ah, the pain!)
He broke my heart!

MARCEL AND THE MICE

BY SAMUEL E. KISER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN DREW

JEAN MARCEL was not born for heroic things. He was timid by nature, and the buffetings of the world made him more so.

"Poor Jean!" his mother said before she left him forever, "what will become of him now?"

But Jean had talent. That became evident even before he learned to write.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN LOOKED DOWN INTO THE ALLEY

The pictures he drew on the white-washed walls of his mother's little kitchen were marvelled at by all who saw them. It was a pity, they said, that Jean could not have the benefit of good instructors.

Jean's father had never come back from the war, and his mother was poor. They had always been poor, the Marcels. That was the reason they had left France before Jean was born. It was their misfortune that genius ran in the family. Jean's father and grandfather on both sides had been artists, so poor Jean couldn't help it.

When Jean was seventeen his mother died and he was left alone in the world

Why tell of his struggles during the next ten years? They were severe enough, and it was well that Jean had only himself to provide for. People praised his pictures, but seldom bought them. That was because Jean was so modest. He could not praise his own work. If he had only had a business manager, somebody to buy his food and clothes and sell his productions!

It is not to be supposed, of course, that Jean allowed people to know that he was often hungry. Jean was as proud as he was timid.

One day fortune smiled upon Jean Marcel; or, at all events, Margaret Willis did so, which, he thought, amounted to almost the same thing

It was brought about by Jean's picture of "The Penitents". Margaret Willis went into ecstasies over it. The truth is it was the best thing Jean had ever done, and he had sold it for almost enough to buy a suit of clothes.

When Frederick Willis and his daughter called at Jean Marcel's studio, up on the top floor of a tall building, they found the door open, but the artist was not there. They went in and looked around. The little room was littered with unmounted canvasses, most of them with pictures on both sides, and the walls were decorated with drawings in pencil and charcoal.

AND THERE WAS JEAN MARCEL, ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES

"I'd discharge a man that couldn't keep my stable cleaner than this," said Mr. Willis,

who was full-faced and outspoken.

"Sh-h-h!" his daughter whispered, pointing to a dingy little screen in one corner of the place,-"he may be in there."

Then the old gentleman went to an open window and looked down into the alley. There was Jean Marcel, on his hands and knees, hunting for something among the battered boxes, shreds of paper, and other rubbish that the scavengers had failed to carry away.

"Have you lost anything?" the old man called out.

Jean looked up, hurriedly put something into one of his pockets, and said:

"Yes. Yes, I have lost something. But no matter."

Poor Jean was all out of breath when he entered the studio.

"You must excuse the place," he stammered. "The woman who takes care of it is sick. It was only my palette knife."

Then, seeing his palette knife lying on the floor at the young lady's feet, he got red in the face, and said:

"I had two. That is an old—"

Jean Marcel stopped and agony filled his breast. Miss Willis was sitting upon a chair that had a habit of falling to pieces. There was only one other in the room and her father occupied that. Jean Marcel rushed over to the open window and looked out. Then he hurried back to the dingy little screen in the corner, and finally he caught up a three-legged stool from in front of his easel.

But it was too late. Margaret Willis had moved, and with a crunching noise her chair began caving in upon all sides

Jean Marcel never before displayed such agility. With one leap he reached her side and saved her from falling.

For a moment after that all was dark to him. He looked blankly at the wall and wished he could throw himself out of the window.

Old Mr. Willis frowned and drummed on the floor with his cane, but his daughter, after taking in the situation, said;

"It's my fault, Mr. Marcel. I had no business to sit down without being invited."

Then she laughed, and Jean forgot his embarrassment.

Well! That was the beginning of some better days for Jean Marcel. He was engaged to teach Miss Willis painting. Rich people as well as geniuses have their hobbies. Frederick Willis' hobby was his daughter's talent. He had taken her abroad to receive instructions, but was not yet satisfied.

It was a pity the way he spent money to frame Margaret's pictures. Even when they did have any merit it was because her teachers had done most of the work upon them.

Miss Willis had a fine studio at home, and it was there that the lessons were given. Her father, after observing Jean's methods, was disposed to be liberal and paid him six months in advance. That was unfortunate for Jean. He bought five pairs of patent leather shoes and a fine edition of Victor Hugo's works, one that was numbered and full of etchings. Yes, Jean Marcel needed a business manager. In a month he had to go hungry again, because it took all he could get for the few pictures he sold to pay for his linen and the studio.

At Christmas Margaret received a costly Hugo, one that was numbered and full of etchings. When Jean Marcel called to give her another lesson she made him take the books back.

Jean only asked her pardon for having presumed to send them. Then he sold them for less than a third of the original price.

No wonder the Marcels had always been poor.

One day Jean almost fainted from hunger. He had tried in vain to sell a picture, and his landlord threatened to evict him unless the rent for his studio was paid at once.

Jean had a dozen times thought to ask old Mr. Willis for money, but could not do so. If it had been for someone else, he felt that it would have been easy. But for himself—well, it made no difference that the price of half a dozen lessons was due him.

At last, however, Jean Marcel became desperate, and in that plight he called upon Mr. Willis at the latter's office.

"Well, sir!" the old man said, "what can I do for you?"

Jean forgot his hunger and replied:

"I was only passing, and thought I'd stop in to see you."

"Very good of you, but I was just about to start for home."

"Oh, no matter," Jean protested, "I can call again."

Then he walked out with Mr. Willis and accompanied him to the car.

When the capitalist reached home Jean Marcel was still walking along with him. Not half a dozen words had passed between them on the way. At last Jean pulled a note from his pocket and handed it to the old gentleman, saying, as he did so:

"Good-day."

"Thunder!" ejaculated Frederick Willis, as he glanced at the note and then saw Jean Marcel hurrying away

"There's a fellow that needs a guardian," said old Mr. Willis when he was eating dinner that evening. Then he showed the note to his wife and daughter.

"I beg your pardon for taking this liberty," Jean Marcel had written, "but the fact is I am pressed for funds. Could I borrow a few dollars from you for a couple of days? I expect to sell a picture soon, and then I will return the money. Again I ask your pardon for taking the liberty.

"JEAN MARCEL."

"Why didn't the fool come out like a man and say he wanted me to pay him?" the old man remarked. "I'd have done it long ago if it hadn't slipped my mind."

"Poor fellow!" his wife said, "he's so timid."

Margaret tore the note into shreds and then, turning to her father, asked:

"Do you suppose there can be mice in this house? I've noticed lately that the loaf of bread that we used as a model in our still-life practice disappears after every lesson.

"It's the same with the apples. "Not a sign of them is to be seen in the morning."

Old Mr. Willis was one of the deadliest enemies a mouse ever had, and that night four traps of the latest improved pattern were set in Margaret's paint-room.

Meanwhile Jean Marcel had gone home to his little hole of a studio. He had eaten nothing all day, and once, when passing a stand, he was tempted to grab some of the fruit and run.

Then he remembered the note, and hoped old Mr. Willis would pay him in the morning.

When Jean reached his studio he met an angel. Not one with wings and a harp, but an angel with whiskers and a coal-scuttle. It was, in fact, the janitor. Yes, the same man that had told him he must get out or pay his

MARGARET LAUGHED, "IT'S MY FAULT. I HAD NO BUSINESS TO SIT DOWN WITHOUT BEING INVITED"

rent. But that was when the janitor was acting as agent for the landlord. When he took a dime from his pocket and handed it to Jean he was acting solely for himself.

The tears stood in Jean Marcel's eyes when he took the money. But ten cents will buy a loaf of bread, and a loaf of bread will drive away care.

So it must have been due to his exhilarated condition that Jean forgot to lock the door after him when he entered the studio with his loaf that night.

And how soundly he slept behind his dingy little screen! Jean Marcel was at peace with all the world.

At last he began to dream that somebody was tearing down the building, and then he awoke to hear a pounding upon the screen in front of him.

"Come now! Git up, I tell ye, because I won't go till ye pay me every cint."

Good Heavens! It was the laundress! Jean Marcel sat up and rubbed his eyes. Then he reached for his pantaloons. Horrors! Now he remembered that he had thrown them across the rickety chair out in the studio.

Jean Marcel peeped over the top of the screen.

"Oh, ye thought ye'd git up, did ye? It's a fine man ye be a trying to beat a poor widow out of an honest livin'! Pay me every cint or I'll stay here till doomsday!"

"Yes, Mrs. Kelly," Jean said; "only please go out long enough for me to put on my clothes."

"Oh, ho!" the lady returned, lifting up a bundle she had in her arms, so Jean could see that it was composed of the only suit he had to his name; "it's not so aisy you'll get clear of me, Misther Marcel."

Despair and consternation filled the breast of Jean Marcel, as he pulled the two side panels of the screen around him. What if Mr. Willis should come now! Then the thought that Margaret might bring the money came over Jean, and he almost fainted.

"Please, Mrs. Kelly," he pleaded, "only let me have the pantaloons. I shall have money in an hour."

"Then I'll wait for it and keep the britches, so's to make sure I git it," Mrs. Kelly replied.

In that moment Jean Marcel uttered his first curse against a human being.

Once or twice he thought of rushing boldly forth and tearing his pantaloons from Mrs. Kelly's grasp; but Jean was modest, and he would rather have gone through fire than to appear unclothed even before a laundress who was old enough to be his grandmother.

Several times he was half inclined to pick up his screen, back around to the window, and end his troubles by jumping.

He tried to reason with Mrs. Kelly; then he chided her, and finally he swore. Yes, uttered profane words aloud. It was the first time Jean Marcel had ever done such a thing in the presence of a woman, but the provocation was great

At last he offered to pay half a dozen times more than the sum he owed her if the good lady would surrender his clothes. She laughed ironically and said:

"A burd in the hand is wurth two in the bush, Misther Marcel."

Poor Jean fairly jumped up and down behind his dingy little screen. It was simply unbearable.

Then there came a knock upon the door of the studio. Jean Marcel could feel his heart—yes, and his liver and lungs—drop right down. His toes tingled and there was a mist before his eyes.

The knocking was repeated louder than before. Jean breathed again. That was old Mr. Willis' cane. But what if Margaret should be with him?

Mrs. Kelly ended the suspense by saying: "Come in."

Heaven be praised! It was only the old gentleman.

"Where's Marcel?" he asked, as he adjusted his glasses and began looking around. Then he saw Jean's face above the dingy little screen, and stopped.

"Yes, that's him," Mrs. Kelly said; "ain't he a foine young man, now?"

Mr. Willis tapped the floor with his cane, looked hard at the lady, and then at the artist again.

All this time Jean Marcel was blinking as if he had been an owl suddenly thrust into the sunlight.

"What's the meaning of all this?" the old gentleman at length asked.

Jean tried to smile and bow. He could not speak.

Then Mrs. Kelly undertook to explain matters. Holding up Jean Marcel s clothes in triumph, she said:

"It's afther me ye'll have to be comin' in, sir."

After the laundress had been paid, the old gentleman caught up Jean Marcel's clothes upon the end of his cane, as if they had been contaminated, and handed them over the dingy little screen.

"So this is where you live, is it?" asked Mr. Willis, as he looked around the edge of the screen after Jean Marcel had got his pantaloons on.

"Yes," Jean said, as if he were confessing a crime.

"WOMAN!" SAID FREDERICK WILLIS, "THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! DEMMIT! AN OUTRAGE!"

Old Mr. Willis gave the floor several hard punches with his cane and demanded:

"Coming in where, and for what?"

"Mebby he'll be owin' ye somethin', too, now?" she returned.

"Woman!" said Frederick Willis, "This is an outrage! Demmit! An outrage!"

Then he pounded the floor so hard with his cane that the plastering beneath must have been knocked off.

"Well, demmit all! Why didn't you say you wanted money?"

Jean edged away from the old man and begged his pardon.

When Mr. Willis was leaving the studio, Jean Marcel ran after him.

"Well, isn't the amount all right? Do you want more?"

"No; it is not that. The amount is satisfactory. It is more than enough. Only excuse me. Will you engage another instructor?"

Frederick Willis punched the floor with his cane and looked Jean Marcel straight in the eyes.

"Nonsense! Demmit, don't be a donkey and a fool, too!"

"Then," Jean said in a trembling voice, "you will not tell Miss Willis? The humiliation would be too great".

When Frederick Willis was out in the street again he punched the pavement vigorously with his cane, and one could have almost imagined that he smiled.

So Jean paid his rent and had enough to eat for nearly a week, and during that time the mice did not bother the loaf of bread in Margaret's paint-room.

Then he got hungry again, but they had finished the still-life study, and Margaret Willis said they would try a subject that had no bread in it.

Poor Jean felt dizzy.

"But do you think you have mastered the bread?" he asked. "And the apples, too? There is still room for improvement."

"Oh, well, if you wish it, Mr. Marcel. I must obey your orders."

So a fresh loaf and some more apples were provided. When the lesson was ended, Margaret said:

"Now, Mr. Marcel, will you please help me bait the traps? I'm afraid those mice will smell this fresh bread again."

Perhaps it was because Jean was so hungry that he trembled when he touched Margaret's fingers. Miss Willis must have noticed it, too, for her cheeks were red when she looked into his face.

That night Jean Marcel slept soundly again.

"Mr. Marcel," Margaret said, after her next lesson, "I think I know where those mice come from. They must come down the chimney, and through the grate. Let us put the traps in there. Those are the cleverest mice I ever heard of. Do you know I could almost forgive them if they really need the bread?"

That evening in his studio, when Jean Marcel broke the loaf in two, he found a hollow place in it that was filled with butter and jelly. The opening had been nicely plugged up, and could not have been found only upon the close examination.

Well! There were no mice in the traps when Margaret Willis entered her paint-room next day. But where was Jean Marcel? Margaret waited for him in vain that day and the next and the next.

Then she went to his studio. No, it was not exactly proper; but, perhaps he was ill. When one is ill, propriety is not to be thought of.

The door was open again, and Jean Marcel was not there. This time Margaret did not sit down upon the rickety chair. She shook them both, and selected the strong one.

Presently it occurred to her to look out the window. There was Jean, again, on his hands and knees, down in the alley.

Margaret watched him, because he was so busy that he did not look up. He was hunting for the old color tubes that a more fortunate artist, who had a studio in the same building, was in the habit of throwing away. Thus Jean Marcel got his paints when there was no money in his pockets.

At last Jean came up to the studio. When he saw Margaret sitting there he hung his head, and a blush of shame burned his cheeks.

"Mr. Marcel," she said, "you need money. How much is coming to you?"

Jean Marcel turned away, and said:

"Nothing is coming to me."

Then for a long time all was still in Jean Marcel's studio.

Jean went and got the loaf with the butter and jelly inside, and handed it to her.

"That is why I have kept away. Oh, Miss Willis, if I were only dead! I am not fit to live!"

At last Margaret Willis went over and laid her two hands upon Jean Marcel's shoulders. Jean looked up. There were tears in Margaret's eyes, too, but she smiled when she said:

"Poor Jean! So I've caught my mouse at last."

When old Frederick Willis heard about it he punched the floor with his cane, got red in the face, and said:

"Demmit all! Why will girls go and make such fools of themselves!"

The Changeling

by Madge Macbeth

Author of "The Intruders" etc.

Illustrated by L. J. Herndon

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Fay Chester, an orphan, was the daughter of a clergyman who had married an actress of the emotional school. The girl's temperament combined the physical magnetism of her mother with the keen intellect of her father. Escaping from the too ardent attentions of one of her admirers, Gordon Wylde, she makes a visit to her cousin, Chester Sayre and his wife, Lorna, who are not only in poor circumstances but are struggling under the burden of Chester's continued ill health. In their adversity, Chester's friend, Clinton Northrop, is a tower of strength, lending them his advice and help in all their difficulties. Lorna unconsciously compares the two men, her husband and Clinton Northrop, and finds herself wishing that her husband were more like Northrop in character, as he is, oddly enough, in looks. On the other hand, Northrop's interest in Lorna's strong personality grows, day by day. Fay, in the meantime, becomes somewhat disturbed in spirit when Gordon Wylde comes to town to renew his attentions to her. She rejects his suit and he distresses her by suggesting that Lorna and Clinton Northrop are in love with each other.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Then you should ache now," he said. "Something certainly dominates you, now."

Fay knit her brows in perplexity. "What do you mean?"

"Contempt!"

"*Touche!*" she cried, gaily, a different person in that instant. "There's my good comrade; he begins to think! Come, we have had enough of this, and my soul's longing is compassed in the simple words, 'ice cream soda'. Come."

* * * * * *

Arriving home later than the others, Fay found Chester seriously ill. He had had a hemorrhage.

CHAPTER VI.

"Clinton went away at eleven o'clock last night," Lorna said to Fay, the next morning. "He received a telegram from Chicago, just before meeting Chester and me, and told us nothing about it until we came back to the house, where he expected to find you to say good-by."

"Then Chester was not taken ill until after he left the house—that is, between the time Mr. Northrop went, and I returned?"

Lorna nodded. "It was as he was undressing," she answered. "There was a little cough, and a sort of gurgle—and—and— Poor, poor boy, he was *so* terrified!"

"And you?" Fay's voice was full of tenderness.

"Oh, I was not wholly unprepared, although I hoped against my own reason, that I might be mistaken." She knit her brows, slightly. "Of course he should go away, at once, but this morning when the doctor proposed it, Chester became so excited that we had to give it up for the present."

The two girls were standing in the den. Lorna held the moaning baby, deaf and indifferent for once to its fretfulness. The other two children followed Nanny with hushed voices, while she did the morning work.

"Was the baby troublesome all night, too?" asked Fay, anxiously.

Lorna nodded again. She felt heavy and dull, the shock of Chester's illness had stunned her.

"If I took the other children, would

you let Nanny have the baby?" Fay laid her hand on Lorna's arm and looked up into her face, pleadingly.

"Oh, dear no!" answered the other, quietly, "really I couldn't think of such a thing! If Chester will only allow us to move him upstairs, where he can't hear the baby's crying, I can manage nicely, thank you."

"Dividing the night between the baby and Chester, running from one to the other from bedtime until daylight. A nice form of suicide!" commented the girl, ironically. "No, Lorna, he must go away. It is doing you all harm—his staying here. Send for Mr. Northrop. Perhaps he can persuade Chester."

Chester's wife shook her head. There seemed to her an unformed reason why Northrop should not be the one to urge her husband's departure, but she could not concentrate her mind to think it out, at the moment.

"If anyone can persuade him, I can," she said, "but not just now. It looks so brutal, to pack him off the instant he is down—just like the Indians, who leave their sick and wounded on the march."

"Don't be silly," retorted Fay, impatiently, "there is not an atom of similarity between the two cases. Will he see me?"

For several days following, both women tried, with infinite tact and tenderness, to prevail upon Chester to go away. His pitiable fear was the means of blinding him to his obvious duty, and his attitude toward the two women was very different. To Fay he denied any possibility of a prolonged illness, assuring her that he was already better and stronger. His affairs were in such a state that he was needed here, he said, if not able to do the actual work, at least to oversee it. Then with a break in his voice and a childishness which was pitiful, he would end:

"Besides, old girl, if there is anything in it—you know what that ass Kingston says—my only chance is here in my home. I have no one but Lorna and the kiddies, and I can't live without them. Don't connive with them to ship me off!"

"But Lorna—you must think of her!" Fay expostulated, puzzled as to why this overgrown boy could not see what his staying meant to his family—not only the danger of infection, but the added care and work for Lorna.

The only satisfaction she could get was the pitiful prayer: "Don't urge them to send me off," so Fay would pat his hand in silence and steal away to her room to wonder at the inscrutable ways of Providence.

To Lorna, Chester appealed easily—her hyper-sensitive nature making it hard for her to withstand his pleadings.

"Oh, if you want to get rid of me, of course I'll go," he said, hopelessly, "only, don't bother me with the details of making arrangements. It doesn't seem to me, though, that I am a great deal of trouble, and I am sure Nanny would not mind bringing up my tray, and there's Edward, *he* could feed me. However, if you are *afraid*, put 'unclean' signs on the house, and go off yourself. God! How that baby yells! Take him away, please."

Through these trying days, there was the haunting fear in Chester's mind that, after all, his investment had been a mistake. The promised dividend was several days overdue, and he worried himself into a feverish state of nervousness, listening for the postman's ring from morning until afternoon, and from then until the next morning.

Northrop's absence was a trial, but Lorna had to promise not to send for him or to let him know the state of affairs at home. "I will be up and about before he gets back, and he need never know anything about it," was the flimsy excuse Chester offered. To the men in the office he said he had had a nervous breakdown, and would be all right in a few weeks—even to his wife and Fay, he never specified his disease any more clearly than "with this sort of thing," or "any one with my trouble—" and it was quite impossible to prevail upon him to take any precautions.

He was hurt if Lorna followed the physician's orders to the letter, and she, who could not bear to see him suffer more than was absolutely necessary, grew very lax, laying herself open to the menace of infection.

"Why don't you get a charcoal brazier and have it burning right here, in the room?" asked Chester, one day, after his wife had carried a bundle of cloths to the furnace. "You could then burn everything, I should think, before anyone else handles it, or before a germ has the chance of jumping off, when you carry the things through the house!"

Lorna repeated this to Fay, adding: "It seems brutal to be reminding him of it all the time. I am afraid he will have to go away. I *can't* be strict with him!" To which Fay heartily agreed, for towards the end of September Chester was still confined to his bed and Lorna began to show signs of a breakdown, resulting from such constant care of her husband and her baby, the latter being in a very serious condition. Fay was tireless in her efforts at relieving her cousin, spending the long sultry afternoons in the sick room, reciting hour after hour to the invalid, while Lorna snatched a few moments sleep

"You are a wonder," Chester said, weakly, one afternoon, after listening to the mystical beauty of Pelleas and Melisande, "a wonder. Does it take you long to memorize those lines?"

Fay smiled brightly at him.

"How many times, in our childhood days, have you asked me that same question? When you would be set to learn 'Breathes there a man with soul so dead,' and I would have 'It was the Schooner Hesperus'—I always learned both mine and yours. Don't you remember?"

Chester laughed, *carefully*.

"Stop being funny," he whispered, "you'll make me cough. Remember! Not I! I couldn't say a line of any of them. But *does* it take long?"

"I don't seem to be memorizing," answered the girl, dreamily, "I seem to be making it up." She repeated:

PELLEAS:

Oh, oh, what is this.... Your hair, your hair is coming down to me. All your hair, Melisande, all your hair has fallen down the tower.... I hold it in my hands.... I hold it in my mouth.... I hold it in my arms.... Twine it about my neck.... I shall not open my hands again this night....

MELISANDE.

Leave me, leave me.... You will make me fall!....

CLINTON HAD AN ACHING REALIZATION THAT EVEN HER HAND HAD CHANGED

PELLEAS.

No, no, no! I never saw hair like yours, Melisande.... See, see, see, it comes from so high, and yet its floods reach my heart! .... They reach my knees.... And it is soft, it is as soft as if it had fallen from heaven.... I can no longer see heaven for your hair Do you see? Do you see? . . My two hands cannot hold it; there are even some locks on the willow branches.... They live, they live, like birds in my hands....and they love me, they love me better than you.

"When I say that it is a part of me, and it never seems exactly the same,

twice—a different mood or something, I suppose. Nobody realizes *how many of me* there are, you know; if people think about it at all, they think I am posing, or playing a part. Why, in the same hour, I *feel* three or four different people—one minute I am the dreamy lover of nature, watching wave after wave break over the glistening pebbles on the beach, and slip back to join its kind; something will interrupt that train of thought, and I will be a hard, ambitious, pleasure-loving woman, feeling it a joy to enter the lists with competitors better equipped than I—suddenly the Pagan will whisper to me, and I am only a child again taking off my shoes and stockings, and wading knee deep in the frothy surf—" she stopped. "Are you tired?"

Chester looked at her with curiosity. "Why don't you go on the stage?" he asked.

"Tut, tut, you are repeating yourself this afternoon, my dear boy. You know my answer well enough."

"What?"

"In the first place, I couldn't guarantee to act some one else for three hundred nights. There would surely come a time when instead of crying, 'Percival, don't leave *muh*,' I should say—'Get away to the other end of the earth, and don't ever come near me again, with your disgusting leer'. In the second place, I don't want to thrill people, as a profession. I am overrun, heaven knows, with opportunities in my prosaic, everyday life, as it stands," she laughed. "Let's not go into the psychological whys, this afternoon it's too hot."

Chester turned restlessly and strangled a cough.

"Isn't it time for the postman?" he asked, anxiously.

"Almost! Shall I do a bit of your old favorite—'The Rubaiyat'?" He nodded, and closing his eyes, fell into a heavy sleep, lulled by the throbbing sweetness of Fay's voice.

The postman came, but brought only a letter for Miss Chester—it was from Gordon.

"I am free to confess that I have made very little headway," he wrote, "and only regret that I was weak enough to show my hand before you were ready to look; for now, you will always view my slightest move with suspicion. That I love you with an absorbing intensity of which I never dreamed, I say once more, and I wait, certain in the knowledge that you will soon learn to know how futile is Tolstoi's scheme of living. You would rob the world of its every beauty, by crushing love—love between the sexes, which is the mainspring of every other kind—we are taught to look for it, to know it, to feel it in every form of nature, and by killing it we would blight art, literature and music, evolving ourselves into veritable machines.

"I flatter myself that I am too honest to simulate an acceptance of your theory, which I neither feel, nor believe. As I said, I am content to wait until the God-given desire in you cries out to me—then, oh then, my darling, we will love!

"Remember me most cordially to the Sayres, and don't grow too saintly under their influence, for after all, I can't think of my future existence as being stimulating, basking eternally in an atmosphere redolent of unchanging sanctity. Fay remodeled would not be Fay to me. I love you because you are always new and uncertain.

"When are you coming back? I met Walter Evans yesterday morning, and marveled at his cordiality—you know he used to regard me with ill-concealed enmity because I had supplanted him in your affections.

"He told me, however, that Miss Millie Cross had partially consoled him, and having heard that she was marking her *lingerie* with 'M. E.', he felt himself irrevocably committed. The wedding is to take place at once. How tame he must find anyone, after knowing you!"

The letter produced the stimulating effect which contact with Gordon always brought. Fay was immediately conscious of a desire to be with him, to dissect and discuss a hundred subjects which his letter had suggested. Her afternoon with Chester had awakened the sleeping Pagan and a peculiar wildness possessed her.

"I want to run, to shout, to dance, to sing; I almost want to see Gordon!" and smiling happily, she tip-toed from the room, going downstairs to frolic with Edward and his sister, while Nanny prepared the tea.

Her high spirits infected Lorna and filtered into the sick room, so that in spite of heart aches and troubles, the evening passed almost merrily.

The first of October brought word that Northrop was on his way home, while Fay was about to leave. She had promised to be one of a house party

in November and had a visit to make in the meantime.

"If I could really help," she told her cousin, "I would gladly stay. But I feel that while you don't treat me as 'company' I am not one of you, and you only allow me to do the easy things—in other words, I am a consideration."

Both Chester and his wife denied this, but the girl shook her head and continued: "If ever you need me you have only to telegraph, and Lorna dear, there is nothing you could ask which I would not consider it a privilege to do for you—will you remember that?"

On the day of Fay's departure, Chester was strong enough to be up and the baby was less fretful, so Lorna had compensation, but the void the girl left was felt by each member of the family, and their hearts were sore.

"She is like a comet," Mrs. Sayre said to her husband, "leaving a blazing trail behind."

"I told you there was no one like her," Chester answered. "What a pity Northrop had to leave when he did; he could have given that fellow Wylde quite an uneasy time, and he is just the man to make Fay settle down."

Lorna smiled, remembering her conversation with Chester's cousin on the subject of "settling down"; "I don't believe Fay would ever care for him—nor he for her," she added, and somehow she felt happier after she had said it.

Then, without warning, Chester had a second hemorrhage. That same day the long-expected dividend was paid, and the doctor peremptorily ordered him to Saranac.

"Every hour you stay here, you are a menace to your wife and children," he said sternly.

Alone with Lorna, Sayre broke down completely. "I know I have been a coward and a brute," he said, sobbing weakly, "and I don't half deserve you or the babies. And now that I am going, I see things so clearly—those I ought to have done and so many I ought not to have done."

A fit of coughing checked him, and Lorna was too choked by tears to do more than stroke his head, as it lay against her breast.

"It seems ridiculous to say there will be no one to take care of you," he went on, presently, "for I never have done that, any way; you have taken care of me. However, I shall feel more comfortable if you put everything in Northrop's hands."

Lorna held her breath, feeling that Chester must notice the thumping of her heart. Northrop! Northrop! Must he always cross her path and be thrust between her and peace? She heard Chester saying the words:

"I hate to have you in the house alone. How would it be if I got him to come here and stay?"

"Oh, don't," Lorna interrupted, quickly, "it wouldn't do at all." Then more quietly, she said: "There is nothing for Clinton to do, dear. I can manage much better alone. Don't bother about those things—just think of getting well."

All through the long night before his departure, Chester cried aloud for strength and courage, leaning heavily on his wife, who had never failed him, and on the following day he left without the struggle Lorna had dreaded, and with a semblance of indifference which she knew he did not feel.

CHAPTER VII.

Northrop's distress was keen and genuine. He did not get home until the third day after Chester's departure, and was shocked by the change he found, both in Lorna and the baby. Not only was Mrs. Sayre's appearance altered, but her manner struck him as indicative of serious illness; the baby showed plainly that it would not live. A thousand torturing questions assailed him. Can she have contracted the disease already? Does she fret so greatly at Chester's going, or is it not a relief to have him removed from the other children? Is this merely a temporary letting go, or will she grow worse, and what, under heaven, what can I do to help!

He re-read a letter Sayre had left for him. It ran:

"I could not go and leave her, were it not that you are there, and that the Loan Company has commenced its payments. With such a friend as you, and material wants provided for, in even a simple manner, I

can glean some crumbs of comfort from the hideous, lonely hours here, and can try to make the brave fight I know she would have me make

"Kingston says eight or ten months for me! Pray God they may go quickly if I pass out, old man, it will be from missing Lorna, not from this damned curse. Write me exactly how they all are. Lorna will put everything in its best light and I shall torture myself with possibilities of what might be amiss. So tell me everything, Northrop—everything—as you are my friend.

"C. S."

The first time Clinton saw Mrs. Sayre, he reproached her bitterly for not sending him word of Chester's sudden turn for the worse. "I could at least have gone to Saranac with him," he said, deeply hurt.

Lorna sighed wearily, and passed her hand over her forehead. Everything seemed so strange and hard to feel. She could imagine this was a dream—Clinton sitting in Chester's Morris chair, turning his little finger slowly around in the bowl of his pipe, just as Chester did. She looked towards the door, quite expecting her husband to enter; or was it Chester who sat before her, and Clinton they expected? The resemblance between the two men had not been so marked of late, but now Lorna thought of her husband as he looked that first night he brought his friend to dine, and she seemed unable to separate the picture of the two.

Northrop's gaze rested on her, anxiously. When she became conscious of this, she pulled herself together with an effort and tried to remember what he had said.

"It all came at once," she told him, "and up to the last, we were not sure he would go, at all. Poor fellow, how long the time will be! And he was so bitter, too! I got a letter from him this morning," she went on, rising and moving toward a desk," which makes me wonder whether he will ever benefit from this going away, alone. You can hardly realize how peculiar and childish he is about some things—for instance, he would not tell the children good-by, nor see them, in fact, all that day. He would not take their photographs, nor mine, and begged me up to the last minute not to go to the station with him"

"I can understand that, in a measure," Clinton answered, thoughtfully, "though not the hopelessness which causes such a state of mind—perhaps that is part of the disease. Are you going to show me the letter?"

He took it from her, with an aching realization that even her hand had changed. How thin it looked, and how transparent! He remembered the night of his meeting Lorna, and the cool firmness of her touch, and compared it with the hot, trembling fingers which rested for a moment against his own.

"The place, itself, is not bad," Chester wrote, "but already I am tired to death of it. There is not a soul to speak to all day long—I lie here in bed and look at the mountains and listen to the shriek of the trains bringing some other luckless devil here to be incarcerated—eating out his heart with longing, and I picture you all at home, home—God, I know I shall go mad before I die. How could you send me off, this way?

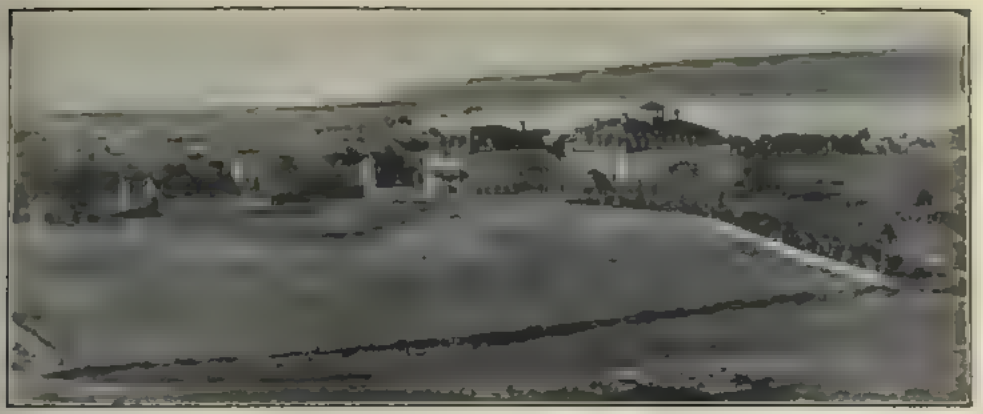
"I have changed my mind about your writing me. I don't want to hear from you—I must forget you, all of you, for they say I am not to worry, nor fret, and your letter this morning more than excited me. So it is up to you now to do your part, after sending me here. If there is any change, one of the nurses will let you know—I won't be allowed to write to you for some time

"By the way, I find I need all the money the firm allows me, so you will have to manage with the quarterly dividend from the Loan Company. If you can't do with that, let me know, and I will see what can be done."

Northrop finished the letter and held it out to Chester's wife.

"What are you going to do?" he asked bitterly, for him.

(To be continued.)



FROM THE HILLS ONE GETS A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE QU'APPELLE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS

CANADA'S INDIAN UPLIFT

BY ARTHUR BOURGET AND W. M. VAN VALKENBURG

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

INDIAN EXHIBITION and Industrial School! Invited to visit both and accompanied by the Reverend Father Hugonard, O.M.T., Principal of the latter, we journeyed from Regina one beautiful moonlight night. By train to Qu'Appelle, about forty miles, then twenty-three miles north-east with a splendid team, and we pulled up in front of the famous Qu'Appelle Indian Industrial School, after one of the finest drives one could wish, first on the prairie, dotted here and there with small bushes, and finally traveling through the Qu'Appelle valley, with its four lakes, its trees and its high hills. One o'clock in the morning saw us at the school, where we were made as comfortable as one could wish by the Father and his devoted staff.

Early next morning, we were out and had the first opportunity to admire by day what we had found so enchanting by moonlight. There could be no better idea of it than was given in a school composition by Miss Celina Big Sky. So here it is:

WILLIAM GRAHAM ("KITCHIE-OKIMOW")
Inspector of Indian Agencies and Schools for Southern Saskatchewan

"This place is called Lebret. It is four miles east of Fort Qu'Appelle. There are lakes and high hills that shut us right in. The hills are very pretty, and everything is green. Some parts of the valley are narrow, while other parts are wide enough to have large gardens.

"On the top of one of the hills there is a big cross. The lake is calm sometimes when there is no wind, but it is quite rough sometimes. Other days it looks like a mirror, and when the sun sets it leaves a pink and blue color

on it, then little by little it fades away. I suppose there are other places prettier than this, but I do not know where they are."

The Fort Qu'Appelle Annual Exhibition was to take place that day We had the honor of shaking hands with the President, Mr. A. McDonald, also Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company in those parts, and an old-timer of the old-timers. We found him hale and hearty, in spite of the advancing years.

Thursday, the sun shone bright, the sky was cloudless, and everything perfect for our trip to File Hills, where the exhibition was. Four of us, including Father Hugonard, left the school about ten o'clock, and drove towards the headquarters of Mr. William M. Graham, Inspector of Indian Agencies for Southern Saskatchewan. We passed hundreds of Indians, in all kinds of vehicles. One of us thought the occasion fitting for a welcome in Cree—something he had carefully treasured up in his note-book for such a use. Out it came, not faintly, but with force and feeling! The Father, who talks Cree like a native, turned and asked him to repeat it, which was done—not so heartily, though, after a look at the Father's face

"My goodness! Did you say that, my boy? You did? Where did you get it?" It means. '*Get away you sweepings*'"

As we drove, Father Hugonard, whose mind is rich with reminiscenses of days long past, dwelt on Sitting Bull's sojourn at Fort Qu'Appelle, and how, when he was but lately arrived at Lebret Mission, where the school has now stood for twenty-five years, he had had an exciting visit from that old Sioux Chief. The Father had just had some flour, bacon and other provisions carted from civilization, and Sitting Bull had heard of this. As they had none themselves, he and about seventy braves set out to interview Father Hugonard, who had only a couple of men with him. He confessed to us that his heart sank within him as he saw the cavalcade appear on the hill. Sitting Bull, by interpreter, told him he knew the mission had flour, and intimated plainly his desire to secure some. By this time the Father had recovered somewhat, and as there was no possible alternative, he thought he might as well do a stroke of business. Therefore he offered to trade. Sitting Bull, with his moonlike face and iron jaw, was prompt to accept, and throwing a splendid blanket from his shoulders, gave it for a bag of flour.

WHEN EVERYTHING IS GREEN AT THE LEBRET INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

His men did likewise, some trading their blankets, some their ponies, or other property. Among the articles of more or less value thus handed over were about a dozen gold watches, which had been taken by Sitting Bull and his men from General Custer's officers after the massacre. The only trouble with these watches was that they would not go, for the simple reason that the balance wheels had been taken out of them to be used as earrings.

Time flew with such an interesting chaperon, and when he exclaimed, "Here we are," surprise took hold upon us. Seldom has a more picturesque view unfolded itself. On a hill the Inspector's residence, the File Hills Boarding School and the Agent's house; and to the south, down in a long valley set with three small lakes, and surrounded

ALMOST AS DIFFICULT AS THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

by thick bushes, stood more than a hundred typical Indian tepees. Here, there and everywhere, traveling to and fro, braves, squaws and papooses, in the most variegated costumes, some with paint, others without; and many old people looking askance at the work of the whites; and many graduates of the schools, clean, orderly, progressive.

Around a turn, and we beheld, in front of the Inspector's house, the dear old rag fluttering in the breeze,—that signal of welcome from Britisher to Britisher the world over. The members of the Qu'Appelle Industrial School Band, in their uniform of red coats, blue trousers with yellow stripes, and black caps, twenty strong, at the foot of the flag-pole, were enlivening the proceedings (as they did all day), by playing patriotic and other airs.

Yes, here we were, at home and welcome, as we soon found out. Mr Inspector, Mrs. Graham and Miss Tye, their cousin, and Mr. Graham's secretary, Mr. T. P. Godfrey, were kindness itself, and they certainly had a house party, including Mr. and Mrs. C. W. and Miss Graham, of Winnipeg; Mr. Indian Agent Miller of Crooked Lakes Agency, and his son; Miss Lee of Winnipeg; Mr. Glen McDonald and Mr. A. Rooke of Fort Qu'Appelle, and Mr. Edmund Morris, the well-known artist from Toronto, who has been engaged for some time painting characteristic western Indians for one of the provincial governments of Eastern Canada. Another welcome visitor, at the Exhibition, was Rev. Mr Claire, Presbyterian minister on Pasqua and Muscowpetung reserves.

Now a word about Mr. William M. Graham, or Kitchie-Okimow (Big Chief), as he is respectfully called by the Indians. He has been for many years in the service of the Indian department, and was appointed agent at File Hills agency some twelve years ago. Later, the agencies of File Hills and Muscowpetung were amalgamated and called the Qu'Appelle agency, with Mr. Graham in charge. He made such a success of the work and took such an unselfish interest in the welfare of the Indians that although but a young man, he was promoted to the position which he now so well occupies of Inspector of Indian agenices and schools for Southern Saskatchewan. Many were the difficulties which he has at last overcome. When he arrived on the File Hills agency, before the amalgamation, and since then even, the Indians thought only of drawing their rations from the government stores, and passing their absolutely idle time in native dances. Now those same Indians work for their living, support their families, and get no more rations unless they are too old or weak to work. Although some of the older ones still think of dancing, the "sun dance" and their other forms of torture are eschewed, and the future is taken into more serious consideration. This splendid work is spreading its influence over the other western agencies, and one can claim that the red man is really becoming noble in a reasonable meaning of the word.

With other things begun by Mr. Graham for the benefit of the Indians must be placed the annual exhibition. The one we attended was the sixth. All the Indians of Qu'Appelle agency compete at this, and they have a fine building, fifty by thirty, for their exhibits. Here we saw skins beautifully tanned and dressed, twelve or fourteen miniature tepees—quite a few of them were sold to white people afterward,—a small Red River cart, bead work of many kinds, bread, butter, cakes, preserves, white and colored shirts, suits, wrappers, socks, rag-carpets, patchwork quilts, lace-work, dresses, even to a wedding dress of blue cashmere and an accompanying going away outfit; also supplies of vegetables, spring wheat, oats, barley, and the school display of boots, shoes, harness and horse-shoes. Horses and cattle, including many splendid yoke of oxen were judged in a ring set up for the purpose. There were enormous pigs, and even a family of wild ducks under the jealous care of a motherly domestic hen.

We met many notabilities of a stellar and still more of a minor degree. Here was Old Day Bird, a kind, inoffensive old fellow, carrying a bag made of catskin with the Lord only knows what

MR. GRAHAM TALKS OVER WITH THE INDIANS ALL AFFAIRS OF STATE

inside. Further on, young Ka-sha-wi-ye-nou of Touchwood Hills, with a red shirt and a bright face, who ran away like a deer when he saw our camera aimed at him, and six-year-old John Tow-pi-sum, on horseback, with an ornamental beadwork suit on, and a heavy fur cap in spite of eighty in the shade; the veteran Standing Buffalo, chief of his reserve —and the last one likely to be—as Mr. Graham and the department are against the "chief" idea. This old boy gave us a polite bow that made his medals rattle. After him, with an unhappy expression on his weather-beaten face, came Mus-kow-e-quan, deposed chief of Poor Man's reserve; and on the other side of the path, Asinee Okimow, headman of Piapot's.

FRED DIETER, THE INDIAN WHO WON THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S SHIELD LAST YEAR, HAS TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACRES UNDER CULTIVATION

But who in the world is this with a stove-pipe hat that seems to be made of iron, and that clings as though it were nailed on to his head? Introduced, we find that his name is Okimow (Chief), though he is only a simple gentleman. After some parleying in which he displays considerable diplomacy, he consents to pose for us with a gracious, indelible smile that looks too easy to be painful. After him, we were confronted by a real live chief in the person of Star Blanket, who lives two miles from Mr. Graham's house. Star Blanket was on horseback, beaded and painted (even to his horse), with a pipe of peace two feet long which he was trying vainly to light. After some hard cash had changed hands and had been tested by his teeth, he consented to be photographed. He was not traveling incognito, by any means. He was all there and very chatty, but our time was limited if his wasn't. He is one of the few Indians selected by Mr. Morris to be put on canvas for future generations to see. Mr. Morris has done some great work, and Star Blanket, we know, will be a valuable addition to the collection.

Here, coming along at a very slow gait, half-bent and with a sad face, we saw dear old Chee-poos-ta-tin or "Pointed Cap." Over a hundred years old, his is a kindly nature. During the rebellion of 1885, when some hot young bloods were making their way on horseback to kill the farm-instructor of their reserve, he was instrumental in saving that gentleman's life. He met the party, and for more than two hours he begged of them to listen to an old man's word and not commit a crime they would regret the rest of their days. His influence prevailed, and they went home. Had they killed the instructor at that exciting time, it would have been difficult to deal with the effect on the other Indians, who were then so near rebelling.

Another acquaintance made was that of Francois Dumont, nephew of Gabriel Dumont, the celebrated chief of staff of Louis Riel. He has a store on the reserve now, and informed us that "business she was goot."

Graduates of the schools and their wives and children, neat, clean and bright, claimed our attention. What a difference between old and new, barbarism and civilization! The same old thing—the one practically going backward, poor but indifferent; the other ambitious, happy, and some even prosperous. And the band played on and on, and the crowd was a merry one! You only had to look at one small bunch of a hundred squaws sitting on an elevation, and listen to their unearthly chatter, to realize that they were enjoying themselves to their hearts' content, and the ladies always lead the way, they say.

Later, there was a keenly contested foot-ball game, a couple of tugs-of-war, running, jumping, and other sports. Darkness finally drove all the twelve hundred Indians to their tepees, and three or four hundred pale-faces homeward.

The following day, prizes were awarded, and Mr. Graham had many a caller during the distribution to see him on questions affecting the Indians. When finally the shades of evening descended upon the valley, Kitchie-Okimow told them to get back to their homes as soon as they could, to resume haying and other pressing work. That night, the camp fires were seen for the last time this year, for when we awoke next morning only two or three tepees remained of the wonderful encampment that had stirred our imaginations the day before.

One of the first things we did after the fair was to visit the File Hills boarding school. This school, under the management of Miss Gillespie, has attained a high degree of efficiency. About thirty pupils are kept. A farm-instructor teaches the boys farming, and when they leave, they are ready and primed for the battle of life.

Everybody drove out to "the colony," eleven miles from Mr. Grahams' residence, on the Saturday, and had luncheon in the wheat fields. The colony is the result of Mr. Graham's aim to keep the new generation away from the contaminating influences of the old one. For this, he has selected sixteen thousand acres on Pee-pee-kee-sis reserve and placed there graduates

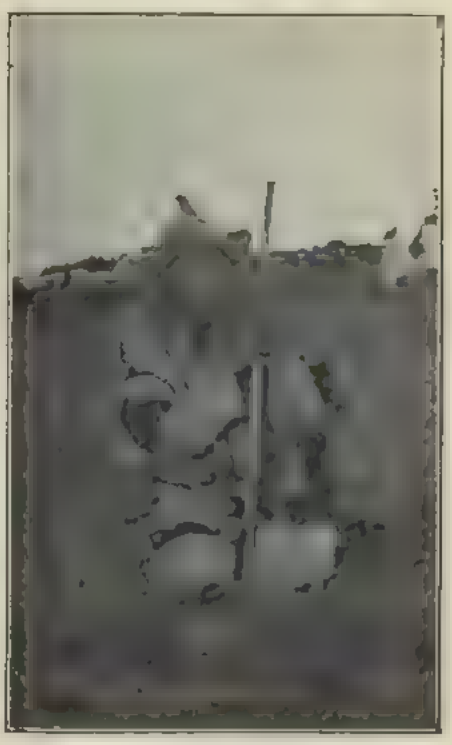
REVEREND FATHER JOSEPH HUGONARD, O. M. I.
Principal of Indian Industrial School at Lebret

of the schools, boys and girls who have married after leaving school and wished to settle down. The principals of the schools, needless to say, are firm believers in "colonial expansion" and help along by drawing the attention of their pupils to the colony. Each family or individual is given about eighty acres to start with, and if they prove worthy of the honor, they receive more as the years go by. The government helps them at first to get implements, which they repay as the money for their crops come in.

Begun in 1901, there are now twenty-five young Indians settled there, mostly married and with families, each one with a fine little home as clean as a new pin, a stable, granary, cattle, horses, oxen, implements, and other possessions. The colony own a complete threshing outfit on the co-operative plan. The first to settle there was Fred Dieter, who to give an instance of success achieved, has two hundred and fifty-one acres under cultivation this year. He it was who last year won the splendid shield presented by the Governor-General for the best field of wheat. His Excellency has visited the colony several times, and is very much interested in its future. Mr. A. H. Miles is farm-instructor of the colony. There is a Presbyterian church on it, also a Catholic church. It is difficult to prophesy who will win the Governor-General's shield this year. There are so many admirable wheat fields that judging them will have to be the work of an expert with absolute confidence in himself.

We came back pleased to have seen another evidence of good work nobly done, and got ready to leave for the Qu'Appelle school and the Katepwa Lake Regatta.

The regatta was a fine sight and was held on Katepwa ("Who Calls") Lake, six miles from the Industrial School. Yacht, canoe, skiff, launch, blindfold canoe, hurry-scurry and gunwale canoe races, swimming, ginger ale, umbrella and cigar swimming races, water polo, and other sports, were all on the program at this third annual affair, and



"CREEPOOSTATIN"
Said to be over a hundred years old

between three and four thousand people witnessed the events, in which competition was very keen.

Back then to the school, where we had to separate, the others returning to File Hills, including Neche Morris, who had not completed his work. Alone, we wandered through the school and outbuildings, and found everything interesting to the highest degree. The school is composed of three brick buildings, joined together by covered passages. The girls have their building on the south side, the boys on the north, and the main building is in the middle. All are four stories high, heated by steam, lighted by acetylene gas, and have a complete system of waterworks. As Veronique Dumont, one of the pupils, described in a composition:

"Our class is on the top story so we can see very far off. There are hills and lakes to be seen on all sides. The hills are covered with green trees. There are new trees growing all around the lake. There is a flower garden beside the school. There are many shops where the boys learn trades, some bakers, carpenters, tinsmiths, shoemakers, painters, blacksmuths, but most of them are farmers. The girls learn how to sew, knit, mend, cook and bake. We have our vacation in July and August, when we come back we have new courage to go to school and try to learn as much as we can."

This school is one of the three first established in the Northwest and was originally built to receive thirty pupils. From time to time, additions were made to accommodate two hundred and fifty children. On the third of January, 1904, while the reverend principal was absent on recruiting business, fire entirely destroyed the buildings, which were then of wood, and when he returned it was to gaze upon the wreck of that for which he had toiled hard day in and day out for more than twenty years. His first action, instead of complaining, was to take all the staff and pupils to the church near by and sing a Te Deum, that no one had been burned in the fire. Now a new school stands where the old one was, a school containing usually over two hundred and forty pupils, happy and healthy. Yes, healthy! The complete system of ventilation, the outdoor work done by the boys on the school farm and by the girls and boys in the vegetable and flower gardens, the regular life, all make for vigorous health. The causes of illness amongst the older people are the low roofs of the Indian houses, the dusty atmosphere, especially in gatherings, the sudden transition from heat to cold, the wearing of moccasins in wet weather, the very irregular meals, and a lack of purpose in life. None of these exist in the school. Any sick pupils are attended to immediately, taken from the midst of others, and placed in the infirmary, which is very fine and complete. These conditions have had a good effect on the new generation. The children of ex-pupils now coming to the school have better health, more life, more emulation in class, and are certainly more intelligent, than was the case with the earlier ones.

The Grey Nuns have charge of the girls, and right well do they look after them. Their superior, Sister Goulet, a sister of Roger Goulet, one of the Commissioners appointed by the government to look into the half-breed grievances after the 1885 rebellion, has now been at the school for twenty years, and has a staff of capable and devoted sisters under her. When the girls graduate, generally at the age of eighteen, they are ready to become good and able wives. They have learned to cook, to wash, to sew and knit, to keep house, as well, if not better, than many white girls. To show how the girls have ambition as well as the boys, please read this composition by Rebecca Golden Bird, sixteen years old. It was entitled "What I would like to be":

"I would like to be a dressmaker. I would always make nice dresses for the young girls and women. I will never pass a day without sewing if I am a dressmaker, and when I am finished I will go about to see who would ask me to make a dress for her. I would always make wedding dresses with laces and trimmings on them. Oh my! Everybody would ask me to make her dress, because everyone likes to dress herself with all kinds of fashions. In order to earn my living, I would sell what I had made. I think that's what I would do if I werea dressmaker."

All the children are brought up to be scrupulously polite to everybody they meet. "Good day, sir," and off comes

the cap, and the very expression of their eyes is respectful.

The boys have two good teachers, and are under the direction of Rev. Father Ruelle, O.M.I., assistant principal and master of discipline, and it is seldom, they tell us, that discipline is needed. The Indian child, if understood and treated with common sense, will give no trouble and indeed prove to be obliging and courteous, and all at the school appeared to us to have the happy faculty of knowing how to get along famously with them.

The boots and shoes needed are made by the pupils themselves, and well made. About six or seven hundred pairs are required every year.

Indians are proficient in most games, and go in a great deal for baseball. We witnessed four different baseball games being played at the same time on the immense play-ground. Their pitchers are twirlers of more than ordinary ability, one of them being a particularly good one, with every curve in his repertoire with the possible exception of the spit-ball, and he didn't seem to need that, though the Indians, with their wonderful quickness of eye, make great batters, difficult to fan. There are very few "Casey's at the bat" in their games.

One of the first noticeable features at the school was that all the children spoke English and nothing but English. From the very first day a pupil enters the school, he is impressed with the fact that he must learn to speak the language of the Empire as quickly and as efficiently as possible, and keep at it—which he does!

The next day saw our delightful visit come to an end, and we left for the fort, wishing good-by and God speed to all at the school, whose genial hospitality we had so much enjoyed.

At the fort, we embarked on the stage and were driven by the veteran Tom Johnstone, who every day for more than twenty years has made the trip to and from Qu'Appelle, with hardly a holiday, except when he took unto himself a wife a few months ago. But a day was all he needed even then.

That same evening we returned to the progressive capital of our mighty province, charmed beyond expression with everything we had seen, and full of a desire to cry out the story from the house tops—which we have just been trying to do.

—

A SONG OF THE WEST

BY CLAYTON MARLEY JONES

YOU sing a song of the Ocean
And I sing a song of the West.
You tell the tale of a trackless trail
And I of a People Blest.
Yours is a Story of Shipping
And mine is a Story of Wheat
For men may drown out there in the Sound
But the Nations of Europe must eat.

You sing a song of the Peoples
That come in these ships on the Sea
And I sing a song of the People
That come from the land of the Free.
Yours is a Story of Water and Ships
And mine is a Story of Prairie and Wheat,
For men may drown out there in the Sound
But the Nations of Europe must eat.

THE SHADOW MAN

BY PEARSE PINCH

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HENRY DROGKAMP (See Frontispiece)

"ZE Shadow Man—he git yo'." With this threat half-breed mothers, anywhere in the region of the head waters of the Athabasca in Northwest Territory, were able to enforce instant obedience from the most unruly little mongrel French and Indian about the premises. How the notion of such a being started was little understood among the scattered settlers; but from some source an awe-inspiring rumor had gone abroad, that one evening just before sunset, there had appeared through a thin veil of cloud that hung between the valley and the mountain's crest the shadowy figure of a gigantic man. As the story went, he was seen to stand upon the projecting cliff, from which he stepped off into empty space. The disturbing portent had been reported from a number of places some miles apart; and the story was affirmed so persistently by those who claimed to have received it from eye witnesses, that it gained a credence hardly less than that accorded to the teachings of the Church. There was also an air of vividness and reality to the story as I came across it here and there that convinced me that there was some basis of fact. The few who claimed to have seen the portent, when questioned about it, only stared at you wonderingly for an instant, when a look of awe would come over their faces, and they would turn away without a word. I knew that men who felt that way had certainly seen something. The thing grew uncanny, till I hated to touch it.

While camping and fishing along the Athabasca, however, I had an experience about sunset one evening that put me on the track of the awe-inspiring occurrence, whatever it was, that had left its impressive legend among the settlers. My attention was attracted to a cloudy film that had floated between me and that same crest on which the shadowy portent had appeared some years before. I saw what seemed to be moving figures in the cloud. They were vague at first, but I soon saw that they were shaped like animals. The shadow of the cliff was there, but ill-defined, and mobile in the motion of the cloud; and then I began to see that the animals looked like the native mountain sheep, except that they were irregular in shape and enormous. Plainly here was the origin of the "Shadow Man."

But the solution only left the mystery deeper. Why was the man there? Why did he step off into the empty air? What became of him?

The whole mystery was solved a few days later when I met a surveying party, among whom was Prof. Herdman, whom I had met years before in the geological service back in the States. He was at this time in the employment, for the summer, of the Dominion. From him I received full and authentic account of the origin of the "Shadow Man" of the Canadian Rocky Mountains. I had told him of the tradition I found among the settlers, and of my recent experience, and he told me what is now made public for the first time.

It seems that he had been up in that region some years before, with an old college friend, looking up mining properties. The two had been tramping one day till almost sunset. As they were gathering up their traps preparatory to their return to camp, their attention was drawn to the strange phenomenon that became the wonder of all that region. They had just started, when Herdman's friend caught him by the arm with almost a clutch of terror. They had before noticed the shadow of

the cliff outlining itself upon the veil of cloud; and had been discussing the effects of light and shade, and unequal refractions of the air in the valleys and the warmer strata lying still in the sun. The "Shadow Man" had been for some minutes assuming form; but with the deliberation of scientific men toward strange phenomena, neither of them had mentioned his impression. But when the figure of a man loomed distinct and unmistakable, Herdman's friend could no longer repress the almost terrified interest with which he had been watching the figure, which seemed at first to advance rapidly. Then it would stop, and kneel, as if in prayer, and advance, and stop and kneel again. Then as it gained the edge of the cliff, it stood at full height, a seemingly gigantic form, scanning the sky as if watching for some heavenly portent. For a moment it seemed to stand with one foot poised beyond the mountain's edge. Then it seemed to shrink from the evident purpose. Then it seemed to gather resolution again; and throwing wide the great arms, it seemed to step from the fearful height, and whirl downward into the engulfing shadows.

The two men of science stood enchained by the vision, then turned and looked hesitatingly into each other's faces. For a moment neither spoke.

"What was it?" asked Herdman's friend.

"I don't know," said Herdman, his teeth chattering. "It makes a fellow almost believe in miracles again."

"It's certainly the weirdest thing I ever expect to see," answered the other. With a shiver, he went on: "Come! This gives me a creepy feeling all over. Let's get back to camp. I wouldn't stay out here over night for all the minerals in all Canada."

They hurried faster and faster, keeping silence for a full quarter of a mile. At last Herdman spoke:

"I believe," he said, "that this thing has some connection with that colony of pietists down there below the mountain."

"How's that?" asked his friend.

"I don't know how," said he. "All I know is that they are as wild a set of religious fanatics as can be found outside the insane asylum. For the sin of being an evolutionist their leader pronounced an anathema on me one day, that would have made your blood run cold."

"Who are they?" asked the other.

"A conglomerate of all the recent religious eccentricities gone to seed," said Herdman. "A few of those who broke away from Mrs. Eddy at the first have joined. Some who started to follow Dowie are there. Quite a number of escaped inmates of some so-called Bible institute are among them. A few who apostatized from the honest, industrious Mennonites have joined these. But the head and front of the whole offending is in the remnants of a band of offshoots of the Young Men's Christian Association in Kansas, who started out to convert the Soudan, going without money or medicine, or anything that sane men provide when they embark in enterprises of that sort."

"Well, they certainly have assortment enough," said his friend.

"This conglomerate of cranks believe," Herdman went on to explain, "that God heals the body without any care on our part; that he intervenes in all sorts of temporal affairs; that Christ is liable to come any day; and a lot of other stuff of that sort."

"But how do you connect what we have seen with all that?"

"That is what I propose to find out. What do you say to a search party tomorrow?"

To this the friend agreed. The rest of the story simply recites what they found out and pieced together.

As Prof. Herdman already knew, the leaders of this band of fanatical believers were by no means lacking in ability. Alison Blanchard and Cassius Scofield had come out of a religious denomination to found a colony of what they believed to be primitive Christians. Scofield was a man of fierce intensity of nature. There could be nothing half-way with him. His life was, in fact, an almost frenzied reaction from a sinfulness as depraved as men often reach. Religious intensity seemed the only alternative for him.

And so, what he believed, he believed in its totality. This gave an unhesitating quality to his speech, that, with the average listener, carried all before it. He was decidedly the preacher of the colony. Blanchard, on the other hand, was a singular mixture of rationalism and mysticism. He was fearless in investigation; knew all about the higher criticism; and even believed more or less of it. But for the vein of mysticism in him he might have become a leader in the new theology. But the "inner light" was always drawing him on to see things that eye hath not seen, and ear hath not heard. And so, scholarship could not lead him away from the deeper faith that has nurtured the Christian ages. Scofield was denunciatory, while Blanchard was winsome. Scofield commanded men, but Blanchard managed them. Scofield was dynamic, but Blanchard constructive. Blanchard could build the machine, while Scofield could put in the compelling force to make it go. The two made a great pair.

The followers in the movement were an earnest and an intense people. Their religion was a tremendous thing to them. How could it be otherwise? They expected to feel the palpable touch of the Almighty at any minute. His hand in their daily affairs, His healing touch upon their bodies; the Lord's return before their eyes at any moment—how could people be looking for effects like that, and not be wrought to the highest pitch of religious intensity?

These different doctrines were not held with equal emphasis by all the members of the colony. The coming of Christ, for example, did not appeal so strongly to Blanchard. He was the chief exponent of the doctrine of divine healing. He published a treatise on the subject, and his teachings there in the colony were held in great favor. Nor was his adherence to the doctrine theoretical alone. He religiously refused every form of relief known to the medical world. When his baby sickened, he suffered only as a good husband can suffer in the agonies of the wife and mother. But they devotedly let the baby die without help. The worst wrench Blanchard's faith received in the whole affair was when he came in to find that all was over with the baby. His wife sat there, the dead baby in her lap, and she looked up and said in a cool, even quiet voice, without a tremor of emotion:

"Alison, we have killed our baby."

Blanchard bent over the baby a moment, and then turned and threw himself upon the bed in such a tumult of grief as only men of mighty nature ever feel. The bottom was out of his system; but for that he did not care. The father heart was crying for the child. The wife was beside her husband at once, and the chastening tears changed the two fanatics into natural human beings once more. It is marvelous what power there is in tears to wash away the fabric of nonsense men and women sometimes build up in the subtleties of their thinking.

This was about a week before the strange occurrences our scientific friends had determined to investigate. Scofield had felt that, in the affliction of his co-laborer, there was the possibility of defection from the movement. He was accordingly more fiercely earnest than ever. Never had such denunciation of the age fallen from the lips of man as this company had listened to from Cassius Scofield that week. The age was rotten, he declared, and nothing but the return of Christ, with the awful fires of judgment, could save even a remnant. The denunciation waxed fiercer and fiercer till that last day. Then there came a new note. Christ demanded what the preacher kept referring to as "the test of faith." Had we not been commanded to go out and meet the Bridegroom? Had not the place of meeting been designated? It had been plainly taught, the preacher reminded them, that we were to be caught up at His coming, to "meet the Lord in the air." That was why the ages had been kept waiting. With an exultant shout he closed his sermon:

"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him!" With that, he started up the mountain. His followers sat awed. What did he mean to do? Like frightened sheep they sat huddled in their chapel, with the help-

less feeling that things were hastening to some catastrophe they could not avert. They had not long to wait. One of their number, whom business had taken away for the day, came in and, with hand raised in caution, told them the counterpart of what had been seen in the frightful pantomime of the cloud. Their leader had deliberately gone to the mountain's edge, and stepped off into space, with nothing between him and the rocks below.

A vast medley of emotion swept the assembly. Some leaped in wild exultation at their leader's faith, and were sure that now he had found the Scripture true; and had been caught up "to meet the Lord in the air". They were for following, and giving the same test of faith. Many would have gone had it not been for Alison Blanchard.

"Wait, brethren, and hear me," he begged. "You know that I have not been as firmly persuaded as some of the doctrine our beloved brother has gone to prove. There is proof undeniable now. If our brother has not met his Master in the air, we shall find him there below. If he has proved the doctrine, then I will go with you, and together we will "meet the test of faith".

Seeing that they still hesitated, he went on appealingly: "Come, brothers, give me this chance to believe with you." To this they consented.

The stir of the events at the chapel had already gone abroad, and the story had reached camp before Herdman and his friend arrived. The two hastened to the chapel as soon as they had eaten, and found Blanchard guiding, comforting and explaining in as favorable light as possible the awful thing that he feared had happened. To Professor Herdman, between whom and himself there had existed a degree of attachment, he told the whole story. Herdman at once suggested that he and his friend join in the search next morning. Blanchard gratefully assented to the proposal.

Before it was fairly light the three were on their way. As the sun came above the hills, they met a sight that, to this day, comes now and then in fearful vividness before their vision. The wild beasts had been there before them; and the skeleton of Cassius Scofield, scarcely a bone displaced, lay there before them glistening in the morning light, every shred of flesh picked away, and every bone licked by the hungry creatures till it shone like polished ivory.

Within a week Alison Blanchard had returned to his place in life, to be a saner and a more useful man for these strange experiences.

IMPORTANCE

BY S. E. KISER

THE tumblebug that rolls the ball
Along the path, no doubt
Supposes that the heavens would fall
And all the stars go out
If he should cease to roll away—
He only sees his lump of clay.

There's many a man who, in his pride,
Thinks all the wheels would stop
If he should some day step aside,
Permitting things to drop;
The man who thinks he does it all
Is like the bug behind the ball.

THE LETTER OF A WESTERN BOY

BY W. W. SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT H. ROBSON

DEAR FATHER,—In reply to your last letter, postmarked Liverpool, allow me to answer a few of your leading questions regarding the Canadian West, on which, after a five years' residence therein, I feel able to speak with some authority. Your greatest curiosity, I note, is connected with our western winters, and in one instance you question the truth of a statement to the effect that tender house plants and delicate New Year resolutions, left exposed during one of our winter nights, have been found next morning to have winged their way to the sweet henceforth where the coal bill troubleth not.

I must admit, Dad, that it does get somewhat cool here at times after the kitchen fire has gone out, but I have yet to hear of the spirits of any thermometer having sunk so low as to require excavation. In fact you can safely put down the most of what you hear in that connection as mere election rumor. Our winter weather at times is severe, I must again admit, so much so that the owner of a conscience made utterly tender by too free participation in election contests is often compelled to wrap the same in several thicknesses of flannel to protect it from an ultra strenuous clime, but for all that, much of what you hear would not go down with an intelligent jury conversant with all the facts, and is told for the purpose of injuring the chances of that lusty young candidate for world honors—the Canadian West.

This last is one reason why the West is not spoken of with unmixed approbation on the score of climate. Another reason for the erroneous opinions expressed is found in the fact that while western press and people alike are only too ready to acquaint the outside world with the worst side of our climatic conditions—our zero weather and blizzards—they totally fail to emphasize the other side of the picture—the summer season, when nature smiles with a lavishness which she bestows on no other part of the earth. Perhaps they fail to present that side for the reason that neither pen nor tongue

HE IS DOING STUNTS AT EMPIRE BUILDING

of man can portray that wondrous, subtle smile, which makes those who come under its influence discontented when they are with out the pale.

From persons out here who have for a time been absent one invariably hears the remark that "they knew not why, but they were not content until they had returned to the West." The many will continue to ponder on that subject, wondering what strange, mystic chain binds us to the land of the setting sun, but the few know that 'tis but the smile which Nature bestows in compensation for her occasional frowns and bursts of temper.

EVEN AGENTS TRAVEL UNARMED

Ample compensation is that smile to the accustomed one, when the good black earth, scarred by the ruthless hand of the plowman, reclothes her bared breast with a mantle of green, which will (to use a mixed metaphor) ultimately become the flour of the earth, a flour which will not waste its sweetness on the desert air.

You, who are accustomed to imbibing your daily allowance of atmosphere with a soup spoon, absorbing therewith the germs of rheumatism, hollow coughs and doctors' bills, would find the brisk air of the Canadian West an exorcist for many of the ills incidental to a winter like yours. If you would understand the reason for the westerners' enthusiasm when he speaks of his great heritage, and his unbounded confidence in its future, you must breathe with him the sunshine-laden air peculiar to this "Last, Best West." That air in your system, there is left no room for pessimism and vain repinings, while mental, yea and even trade depressions, find very temporary footing. To financial depressions of a temporary nature, however, certain individuals, myself included, are not entire strangers, so if you happen to have a few pounds not actively engaged at the present time, I can offer an investment for them where moth and rust will everlastingly have to hump themselves in order to corrupt.

As I pen these affectionate lines, I gaze ever and anon from the door of my palatial shack to where a brother homesteader is engaged with his oxen and plow in disfiguring the fair face of nature that he may reap therefrom next year the plebeian red wheat of commerce. And as he chases his wayward bovine companions up and down the half mile stretch, stopping frequently to address hasty, uncomplimentary remarks to

NOT CONTENT UNTIL THEY RETURN TO THE WEST

them, he is doing a stunt at empire building which outrivals the efforts of many who hold forth at great length within your legislative halls at Westminster. Not only he; thousands like him are to-day assisting in the transformation of this erstwhile haunt of the Indian, the buffalo and the coyote into a garden which will bloom, not as now, *with* the rose, but *as* the rose.

As my eyes wander across this level expanse of smiling prairie, I see in some places the wild flowers just springing into new life under the stimulating influence of the long hours of sunshine, in others the long stretches of blackened earth lying in readiness for the seed, and I contrast in my mind the district as I see it now with its condition five years ago. Just that time has elapsed since first I came upon this quarter of the earth, then but a wide sea of waving grass, broken only here and there by piles of freshly-cut sods left by the surveyors engaged in criss-crossing the district with section lines.

Since then the various phases of development have followed each other's heels. First appeared the white tent of the newly arrived homesteader; later, the white frame "shack" or the more homely one of sod. Slowly, very slowly at first, the virgin prairie became transformed as acre after acre of the thickly carpeted sod was turned up to the sunlight by the homesteader's plow, until finally fields of a hundred acres or more became not uncommon, and prosperous farms took the place of the former dimly defined "claims."

And now! Here are the comfortable, substantial homes, the schools and churches, graded roads in place of the old trails; even the creeks and deep coulees have been bridged. More striking than these, there is borne to the ear the shriek of the locomotive as it tears its way across the plains, while at four points visible from the door of my shack can be seen the white buildings in as many new born towns.

And here is found another instance of that optimism peculiar to the west. Every one of those four bustling little towns is destined to be a city of the future in the honest opinion of its patriotic citizens. Ask the reason of their optimism and they will direct your attention to the country surrounding their town and will dwell with pardonable pride upon its par-excellence in the all essential matter of wheat productiveness, proof of which is to hand in the tall elevators lining the railway track.

However the world may view it, the westerner's optimism in the matter of the future of his country is not without the best of grounds, for with all the changes which a short decade has wrought in the appearance of the West, the development may be said to have only begun.

That work of development was long in commencing, but now that the world's incredulity regarding the resources of America's great hinterland has been overcome, the work will not cease until Canada, by virtue of her domain beyond the Great Lakes, ranks as one of the very greatest nations of the world; not alone because of that portion at present being developed, but also through the exploitation of that further hinterland to which the seeker after mineral wealth is just beginning to turn his attention. Even as the country which was considered by many as incapable of yielding return upon an investment in axle grease for an exploiting railway is now rapidly becoming the granary of an empire, so may the little known Northland of Canada become the source of a continent's mineral supply.

But I will not tire you further with eulogies of the above nature. Suffice it that I am content with the land of my adoption. We westerners love our adopted country with its boundless prairies and equally boundless possibilities, with a love that cannot but make for her great and glorious future.

As I write this, the weather is behaving in a most seemly manner, with the result that many of our young men have completed the sowing of their wild oats and are now in a position to settle down to the stern task connected with citizenship in a country in the making.

The gophers, I may say, wintered well this year, and are looking better than I remember having seen them

bare at this season. Your query regarding these animals shows that you have been somewhat misled, as gophers never hunt in large bands, and you are wrong in supposing that they often attack human beings. On the contrary, even book and insurance agents find it comparatively safe to travel about unarmed in this country, thanks probably to the efficiency of our mounted police. Your supposition that we have to fence against the buffalo is also at fault. The only person who really has to defend his property in that manner is the lucky possessor of a sister, and he usually finds a shot gun more to his purpose. When he has succeeded in possessing himself of some other fellow's sister he becomes less careful of his own, strange to relate.

I will now draw my long and rambling epistle to a close. Trusting that I may hear from you soon, believe me,

Your dutiful son,

BROWNJONES SMITH.

THE REFUGE FOR OLD AGE

BY FORREST CRISSEY

WHAT is a man to do who has touched three-score, is drawing into the shadows, yet still must work, to live?

A man who has been a railway president is to-day somewhere about the streets of Winnipeg looking for a job.

"I'll polish doorknobs," he declares, "if that will give me a chance to demonstrate that I'm worth too much to any man to be kept at that sort of work."

"Well,"—do I hear you ask—"What's the trouble? Does he drink? Gamble? Is he broken down? Not quite on the square?"

These are all proper and pertinent questions and any keen business man would quite naturally ask them. But to each and all of them the answer is—No!

This man is sober, steady, he does not gamble, he is hearty and unbroken, and his uprightness of character is attested by men in high positions who know him well.

Well, what *is* the matter then? Simply this:

He is more than sixty years old!

That's why he can't get a job to-day at the wages of an apprentice accountant.

"But," you insist, "there must be something behind this; this one fact alone will not reasonably account for his situation. There is: He put all his eggs in one basket, there was a market bump and the eggs were broken. Another way of putting it is to say that he didn't pinch out a little in the days of his prosperity and put it aside where it would stand between him and actual want in *the days past sixty.*

There is something so cruelly tragic in the figure of this man of affairs going from office to office in search of a bookkeeper's job that one cannot escape the picture—any more than we can escape the fact that we will ourselves become more than sixty years old before long if we are not sooner removed from the present scene of our labors! Every man who reads this is marching on to the same point in life's journey on which the feet of the man who is "over sixty" and out of a job now stand. This is what makes his case so fearfully and personally impressive. And this, too, is why we want to know all the vital facts of his situation so that when we get to his milepost we may not be asking for a chance to polish doorknobs.

There is something of the inventor in this man; he became possessed of a big idea and from that minute he lived for to-morrow and for the whole future of to-morrows. To-day didn't count with him, except as a time for doing things which would minister to the final realization of his big idea. That was all he cared for, all he lived for—life revolved about the central idea of putting over his big scheme.

But it so happened that the road which he projected and partially built and into which he put his whole personal fortune finally went under—because it did not jibe with the plans of the masters of the American railway situation. That was all—but it wiped him off the railway map as a personal factor, at least.

He has done about everything there is to do in railroad work—installed an accounting system, had personal charge of the engineering and construction department of a big line, and as president of his short and ill-fated road he has had entire administrative oversight of all departments. But now he is out of a job. His health is as good as it ever was, he is a man of wider experience and riper judgment than when he handled the biggest task of his whole life.

Still, no one wishes to employ him because he is *more than sixty years old!* This answer generally signifies that "men do not like to give orders to a man much older than themselves"; that "a man of more than sixty hasn't many more years left in him and it isn't worth while starting in anybody at that age"; that "a man that far along in life is too set in his ideas and can't readily take suggestions; you can't put the emergency pressure on a man of sixty that you can on a younger man."

These are the objections which the former railroad president has encountered in his hunt for a position. There is more or less of logic in every one of them; certainly they will persist so long as human nature remains what it now is.

Then where are the men who have to work and who are going to reach the sixty point going to get off? What can they do about it to "break the fall?" There is just one broad and general answer; it will not apply in every case, but it will in most.

Put aside from your prosperity a farm; buy some land. Then when the day comes that you are really at your ripest in experience, judgment and real mental capacity, but are not wanted as an employee because you are "more than sixty"—most employers are drawing the line at fifty—then you will be in position to work for yourself, to draw dividends on your own abilities. A man who has a farm and who has the power to think can always hitch the two together and make a life job—and a good one! Thousands of men are right now "soaking away a farm." It's a good business.

THE DARKEST HOUR

BY B. McM. BELL

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK A. NOTEWARE

"I'M awfully sorry about it, old chap," said the head bookkeeper to Benson, as they parted at the corner. "You're of far more use to the firm than I am, and I think they know it. I'd leave instead of you, if I were strong, but it would mean starvation for the little ones, if I gave up now. I couldn't work at anything else."

Benson shook the head bookkeeper's hand warmly. "It's all right, Graham," he said. "I'm heartily glad it's not you. I'll get work of some kind, surely."

But, as he walked the rest of the way home, the prospect looked dark. For the first time in his life, Benson was feeling the pressure of "hard times." To-night the firm had given him a week's notice, and he had no idea, at the present moment, where he could get another position. To be sure, they had been kind about it. They had told him that his work had been very satisfactory, that the position would have been permanent, had the good times continued, but they were compelled to cut down expenses. The other men were older—married men with families, and had been with them for several years. Some of their methods were not exactly up-to-date. It would be easier for Benson to find another situation.

Benson smiled to himself, despite his despondency. The other men's methods certainly were not up-to-date. Many a time he had noticed mistakes in the reports of the travellers, the accounts of the shippers, and indeed, of the head bookkeeper himself. He had corrected them quietly, and had saved money to the firm. The head bookkeeper, indeed, was little else than a figure-head. He was a delicate man, with a family depending on him, and Benson felt sure the firm kept him only because they hated to turn him adrift. He had often taken over his work when the poor fellow seemed ready to drop from weakness. The man had been grateful, too.

Benson was naturally of a cheerful disposition, and gradually his spirits rose. He would say nothing to Mamie about it. In her delicate state of health, bad news might have a disastrous effect, and he would keep it from her as long as possible. It seemed as if fate had decided to help along this deception of love; for, when supper was over, and Benson and his wife had drawn their chairs together, Mamie took a letter from her pocket, and handed it to her husband.

WHEN SUPPPER WAS OVER, MAMIE HANDED A LETTER TO HER HUSBAND

"It's from mother," she said. "It came

this afternoon. I told her in my last letter that I wasn't feeling very well," she added, a faint flush stealing into her pale cheeks, "and she wrote at once, commanding me to come home for the summer."

"Would you like to go, little girl?" asked Benson, noting the eagerness in her eyes.

"I believe I would for a little while, Frank," she replied. "These last few weeks I've been longing so for the woods and the grass, and some of mother's home-made bread and buns.

"Only," she added, glancing anxiously at her husband, "I don't like to leave you, dear. You would be so lonely, and—and you mightn't take good enough care of yourself."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Frank. "Why it's not so long since you came to take care of me, is it? I don't think I can have forgotten already."

Suddenly his mood grew serious. He leaned forward, and, taking his wife's face between his hands, he kissed it tenderly.

"If you only lose that tired look out of your eyes, little girl," he said, "and get the roses back into your cheeks again, I won't mind spending my evenings alone during the summer. My little country bird was never intended for a cage like this city flat.

"Go back to the country, sweetheart, to the fresh air, and the trees, and the flowers, and, when you are all better again, come and sing your songs in a nice little house that I'll have waiting for you."

"Frank," breathed Mamie, "you can't mean it!"

"Indeed I do. Johnson told me the other day that he had had a letter from the Grierson's, speaking for the next flat that was vacant. They were married last month, you know, and are on their wedding trip. Our time is out soon, anyway, and they can have this one. That's all a flat is good for—a newly-married couple who don't want to see anybody but each other for a year. We've passed that stage, sweetheart. We want others to share our happiness. I'll be on the lookout for a nice little house with plenty of room, so that we can have our friends come to stay with us sometimes. We'll try to get it near the outskirts, so we can have a bit of real sunshine, and a breath of fresh air now and then. How will you like that, Mamie?"

"Oh, Frank!" was all she could say, but her eyes were shining.

After a pause, she asked, "You'll be able to spend every Sunday with me, won't you, Frank?"

"I think so, little woman," smiled her husband, "if I get through in time to catch the train on Saturday night."

Benson took his wife to the country at the end of the week, and came back on Monday morning to look for work. This he found very difficult to obtain. All the firms to which he applied seemed to be doing the same thing—turning off hands to keep down expenses. Bookkeepers were not in demand. Everywhere, he met men with misery in their eyes, and despair written large upon their faces.

The spring work was just beginning, and Benson obtained employment with a gang that was working on the road. Digging was not the most desirable occupation, but the wages were good, and it was infinitely better than being idle. He was able to take his weekly trips to the country, to give his wife a little present occasionally, and to put a little—a very little—in the bank.

Winter closed in earlier than usual, and the men were forced to discontinue their work upon the road sooner than they had expected. It was a Saturday night when they were paid off, and Benson went to his room, more gloomy and low-spirited than ever. He had absolutely nothing in view for Monday.

He decided to stay in the city over Sunday, though he knew Mamie would be looking for him. Somehow, he felt that he could not face her to-night.

When he entered his room, he saw on the table a telegram and two letters. Benson hadn't been getting telegrams lately. Instinctively he felt that this one concerned his wife. Could anything be wrong! He opened it with trembling fingers and read:

"Bouncing boy arrived this morning. Both well. Come down soon. Mother."

DIGGING WAS NOT THE MOST DESIRABLE OCCUPATION

"Thank God!" he breathed, wiping the sweat from his brow.

Swiftly following this exclamation came a groan of anguish. He was a father, but he had no home to offer his boy. No home, and no prospect of one!

Suddenly he remembered the letters. He took one up wearily, but his eyes brightened when he saw that it bore the official mark of the firm he had left in the spring. He broke the seal. The letter ran:

Dear Benson,—

Times are looking up a bit in our business; we had a better summer than we expected, and if you have not already secured a position, we shall be pleased to offer you your old one again. In justice to you, we wish to state that we have learned from different sources that you were of more value to us while you were with us than we knew at the time. Your modesty kept you from making this fact known to us. In view of this, we are glad to offer you a substantial increase in salary. Hoping to hear from you we are,

Yours sincerely,

Green & Co.

Benson sat for a moment, as if stunned. A line of a once-familiar song darted through his mind:

"The darkest hour is just before the dawn." Truly, for him the day was breaking.

He took up the other letter. It was from the head bookkeeper. It ran thus.

Dear Benson,—

I've had a windfall. A rich old aunt that I hadn't heard of since I was a boy, died recently, leaving me all her property, because I happen to bear the name of her late lamented husband. Think of it!

I went to the firm to-day to tender my resignation. And I took the liberty to mention to them the fact that you could do my work much better than anyone else, and that if they knew what was good for their business they would get after you, quick. They had just written, offering you your old position, but you'll hear from them again.

"Wishing you the best of luck, I am,

Your sincere friend,

J. Graham.

"Hip, Hip, Hooray!" he shouted, not caring who in the house heard him. "Three cheers for the boy, three cheers for the firm, three cheers for the head bookkeeper. Hip, Hip, Hooray!"

Then he looked at his watch, and found that he had barely time to catch the last train to the country.

"HIP, HIP, HOORAY!"

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of the "Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

As the surface of the earth has been more filled, its raw resources been more developed, it has been growing richer, has grown richer faster than its people have multiplied. A few men, under one government or another, in one way or another, have taken over world-money. The money of some of the world's great multi-millionaires does not belong to them in any such quantities. Haltingly a general social unrest begins to spell that out; an unrest that does not classify as Socialism, as yet. But that black Satyr will grow amazing fast if we shall not pause to think that no man can earn such wealth as a few men to-day hold back from the world's use. That wealth—Ah, what philanthropist could ask a grander use for it than in the purchase of *human opportunity*? What labor better could repay its employment? What enterprise of profit may be mentioned in the same breath with it? And to do it is but to do it. There is more money wasted in impractical philanthropy than would be needed here if rightly used. Thirty million pounds annually to the unemployed—money burnt up, thrown away. Give one-half of that annually for twenty years, and there will arise west of Winnipeg such an empire as the world never saw. Its ruler shall be the hard head *and* the soft heart!

If this notion be called absurd, that may be in part because it is in advance of the day. It cannot long be in advance of average thought. It is only to say that men will earn more on the prairies than they can rotting in the city slums. It is only to say that charity is not philanthropy. It is only to say that philanthropy must offer a material uplift, that religion to-day must be practical.

Philanthropy which capitalizes a thousand poor at five per cent., which changes a thousand units of vice and apathy into a thousand units of opportunity and hope,—that is no more than simple merchandising; only that now you sell human opportunity; and you sell it on credit, secured by land; land which enhances in value with each spade that goes into the ground, each furrow turned by plough. A hundred greater business enterprises than this go forward all the time. The great captains of enterprises do more difficult deeds than this continually. Yet to do this enterprise of a prepared environment is to do that vaster deed of reconciling the war between the heart and the head.

When you have done that ,you are in position to allow the minister of the Gospel to ponder about the religion of these new folk, and to do so with no charge of impracticality. His work will come in its own right time. This man who wants the old sentiment for Old England to obtain—it is possible for him, too, to have *his* dream. Yonder official, hard-headed and experienced, who seeks the material welfare of his country—he, too, may have *his* wish! The member of the government, with heart as warm as his head is cold—*his* dream comes true. Yonder charitable society, which has labored with no prospect of gain—it still may labor, but now with recompense; recompense which makes for the real glory of England and for the real benefit of the world.

Now we do come close to religion, religion plus business; and this is what must supplant to some extent the religion of earlier times. The earth changes, and with it must change the earth's religions, all the earth's

methods of thinking and doing, even of dreaming. A material age? Yes, but we must adjust to it or perish; because the days do not, cannot, and never can wait for us. But the dream of religion itself is best compassed in the most practical philanthropy.

If then, all this may be; if we have indeed found some theory which explains all existing phenomena; then, in the terms of science, that is the theory to accept. There was a day when we knew nothing of gravitation, when we doubted the revolution of the earth. Those things were slowly reasoned out, by theories which covered all existing phenomena.

We are not, however, in this case confined to theory alone. The subjects with which we have been engaged are of a human importance so vital and wide-reaching that the thing is, to use a popular phrase, in the air to-day. Once the writer conceived what seemed to him a happy dramatic idea. It was later worked out, but only in time to meet the same idea embodied in a drama done by quite another person, who independently had conceived that same idea. At another time precisely this same incident occurred. In both cases the ideas themselves proved valid. Such experiences as this are common in the life of every author. They are common as well in every other walk of life. A good idea is not the property of any one man. A great idea never was conceived by any one man. It is conceived by the world itself; born of the necessity of the world for precisely that thing.

Now, the plan suggested in these pages, wholly visionary as it may seem to some, and wholly theoretical as it may seem to most, is not the author's own, but was first suggested to him by an idealist in business, the same man who thought that there could be such a thing as kindness and justice in a practical business office. Should credit be given to this man for the idea? No; let us rather give credit to the world, which has developed this idea at the time it was needed. Because, so far from this being a matter of theory, it is even now a matter of fact. The problem of a practical and businesslike philanthropy has, in at least one instance, been worked out in detail.

To make the contrast clean cut, let us go back once more across seas. In the month of September, 1908, Prince Arthur of Connaught, nephew of King Edward, visited the city of Glasgow. Prince Arthur is a manly man, a good soldier, and a just man. There is nothing in his personality which has rendered him distasteful to the people of any portion of Great Britain. Yet, when his carriage passed down the streets of Glasgow, it was mobbed by five thousand idle men. In this demonstration—which, bear in mind, took place in self-restrained Scotland—there arose often the revolutionary air of the Marseillaise! The crowd pressed about the carriage in George's Square in the most menacing manner, and there were many turbulent and deeply regrettable scenes. There was much hissing and shouting against the Prince and his people, and when the Troops' Band played "God Save the King," not a single head in the crowd was uncovered and the mob broke out with the refrain, "Keep the Red Flag Flying!" So, at least, run the despatches describing the affair. It is not to be supposed that these unemployed thousands had any personal dislike for Prince Arthur of Connaught. Their resentment was against the elaborate features provided for his entertainment, whilst they themselves were upon the point of another bread riot. Worst of all, there were ten thousand boys on parade—young men, unemployed, out of work and out of bread. This is given as a truthful picture of modern civilization in the old country in the current year. It is difficult to conceive of a picture sadder or more disturbing.

Lest it should be urged that an American writer finds pleasure in English distress, one hastens to offer a kindred instance of the current year in the city of New York. During the past summer in the more poverty-smitten portions of that great city, hundreds of school children were found to be starving, even as those of Berlin are accustomed to starve. A committee of schoolboard members found

it necessary to arrange two public kitchens at which the hungry children might be fed before they were taught. Necessarily, funds for this work were scanty enough, and the committee undertook to enlist popular interest in the kitchen fund. One of the committee states that many instances had been discovered where children were sent to school without having had food in a term of forty-eight hours. Some children fainted while they were reciting in their class rooms. This civilization in the proudest city of the proudest republic of the world. One hesitates to call such facts less horrible than yonder demonstration against government in the proudest monarchy of the world.

Opposed to pictures such as these we have the idea of a practical philanthropy; and regarding this latter we have a concrete instance showing the thing accomplished. While this has been worked out in theory in Canada, *it has been done in fact and in detail* in the United States.

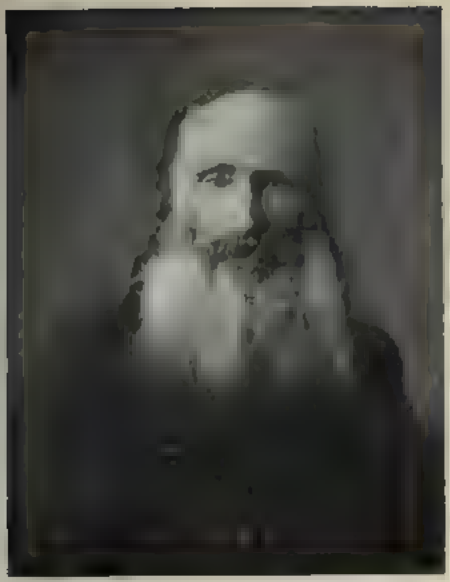
The Consolidated Farm Company, of Marshfield, Wisconsin, in the fall of 1907 put into effect the idea that men of no means could be established upon farm lands, and could, so to speak, practically capitalize themselves after the initial effort. Within the year, this company had founded a colony of fifty people whose combined original capital was but $500. In one year the work upon the land had more than doubled the original capital; because upon a face investment of $5,000 there had been paid back $800. The manager of the company, Mr. John P. Hume, is quoted in regard to this experiment in the following words:

"Why should we not manufacture farms as well as to manufacture iron or steel or woodenware? We take the thing in the rough and turn out a finished product. While we are doing this we furnish employment for people who want to get out on the land and have no means with which to do so; as they could not make a payment on a farm, nor build a house, nor live, until after they had raised a crop.

"No, we are not philanthropists, not by a great deal. But we do give the settler a fair show, while at the same time we get a good return on our investment. Our plan is being considered by many big land holders in the northern part of this state who wish to dispose of their land. There are hundreds of unemployed men who want to get out on land. They have no money, or if they do have, it is little, not even enough to put up a small shed of a house if they could get the land without making the first payment. What chance have they of owning land? The idea is so staggering that they give it up and go on trying to live in the city and raise a family, generally with poor success. We sell the man a small tract of land, give him a house and cow, and then use him in clearing up more land in our process of manufacturing farms. We have thirty-five men on four hundred acres of land, and in the whole party you could not gather together $1,000. But they all have money in their pockets and pay cash at the stores for what they purchase, and live well. We pay good wages for labor and always employ our own settlers. For their work they receive two-thirds of what they earn to support themselves, and it is paid in cash, and one-third is taken to pay for the land. As a rule, they work four months in the year for themselves, and the remainder of the time for us in clearing land. In that way they are able to pay for their land and get along, while never being anxious as to their living.

"In the old days settlers could go into the northern part of this state, take up land, and then go into the logging camps and earn money enough to support their families for the years while they worked in clearing up their land and getting it in shape for crops. But this method cannot be pursued now for the reason that the timber has been cut off and the mills and lumber camps are disappearing. Therefore, the only way that a poor man can get a chance is in some manner similar to that used by us. This is not philanthropy, but I do maintain that we are doing a good work in helping to make free citizens.

(To be continued)



MR. AND MRS. JOHN SUTHERLAND SANDERSON

MANITOBA'S FIRST HOMESTEADER

BY JOHN ARBUTHNOTTE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE ancient history of Manitoba is very recent. The point of that observation, as Captain Bunsby used to say, lies in the application of it.

The application is pointed by the living presence, here to-day, of the man who took up the first Manitoba homestead, under the rules that still govern the acquisition of public land by entry, improvement and occupation. The name of this pioneer is John Sutherland Sanderson.

In speaking of him recently, Mr. W. D. Scott, Dominion superintendent of immigration, said, "Mr. J. S Sanderson, who entered for the first homestead on Dominion lands west of Lake Superior, has attained to real success among the farmers of Portage Plains. He is now past the prime of life, but at sixty-five years of age is yet hale, hearty and active, and follows his agricultural pursuits with deep interest."

It is fitting that Sanderson's name should be of high repute in the community, for no man has in larger degree the respect of his neighbors, and he has seen them all come in, for he was there before any of them, or even their fathers. He was not the first to break the solitude, but he was the first homesteader to break the sod, and to set up on the place of breaking, a permanent abode. Rightly considered, he may be credited with being the man in advance, the farthest flung picket of the army that has overrun and holds the land.

Of course this leaves out of account Lord Selkirk's colonists, who came to Fort Garry in the eighteenth century, but went no farther, and were adjuncts to a military post. His lordship was a far-sighted man, but as with many another seer, his power of vision was truer than his forecast of time. The conditions that were to make possible the populations he foresaw were many, many years away when he brought his settlers in by way of the Hudson Bay, over that identical sea-and-land route which only now is being prepared for

general traffic and travel. Real settlement, by the actual ownership of land, legally perfected, did not come until 1872. Sanderson began it then, by making formal entry upon a homestead near Portage la Prairie.

From Preston Pans to Portage Plains is a far cry now, but it was farther when Sanderson made his flitting in the year 1867, breaking it only with one resting-spell at Fergus, in Ontario. It was long before the railway reached into the West, and Mr. Sanderson came to Manitoba by way of Duluth, traveling by ox-cart across to the Red River, and by boat down that stream to Winnipeg. It was in 1872 he first saw the place that he was thenceforth to call his own. On that same ground he lives to-day, with many years of useful life before him still, to enjoy the fruits of the work that his hands and brain have wrought.

Mr. Sanderson was born in East Lothian, the 27th of September, 1843—a Scotsman of the Scots. His earlier years were passed there, but when he had "grown" he went to Edinburgh, and afterward lived in various parts of Scotland. His attention was first drawn to Canada by a series of letters written by John McLean and published in the *Toronto Globe*, and in his twenty-ninth year the spirit of unrest and desire these letters incited took hold upon him, and carried him overseas—poor, but healthy and courageous, a perfect type of the splendid, God-fearing old-country men whose daring and endurance and hard-bitten common sense contributed so inestimably much to the foundations of new life here, with its sanity, safety and prosperity.

He had the country pretty much to himself for a time. There was no "neighbors' smoke to vex his eyes," because there were no neighbors to speak of. The shacks were monstrous distances apart, where any were at all. There was a rudimentary town at Portage la Prairie, and Mr. Sanderson went north of it and took up 160 acres near what is now known as Oakland. In 1873 he built a small house, that for several years was the only dwelling of a white man between Portage and Lake Manitoba. That year he broke ten acres with an ox-team. From year to year he backset, until at last he had his farm in full cultivation. Four years after his arrival, he married Miss Jessie Green. With their four children, they now own 480 acres of as good land as any in that region, handsomely improved with fine buildings, and stocked with all that makes complete the farmer's life and its modern belongings. And none of them owes a cent.

Of course there were hardships not a few, but perseverance and patience prevailed against all that. The solid rule of personal government that has pulled him through Mr. Sanderson states thus, for the encouragement of others:

"If a man is willing to work and can stand a few hard knocks and keep off the drink, he can surely make his way in this country."

He had not been a farmer in Scotland, but had been in service as coachman for the Earl of Lauderdale, Sir George Southie, and others of the nobility. He had it all to learn when he took up his claim, but he learned it well, and was sober and thrifty, and lived simply and cleanly, and brought up his family by the good old rules, tempered with the liberality of a broad and free environment. So now his age is as a lusty winter, frosty, but kindly.

This generation has a short memory, it does so rapidly move in the mazes of a new time. Five years is a weary while to look back over. Ten is an age. And yet in the measurement of great events, it comes almost with a start, lifting the eye from the intense activities of the hour, to see standing there the still alert figure of the first homesteader, who came to Manitoba when all this concourse of people and all these busy things were still in the silent future—a future that has become our present, clamant, and swelling with power. The pressure has crowded the work of five generations into the lives of less than two. Has the world seen anything like it? And even yet, we have only begun.

If so much has been done in so little time, what may be looked for in as

MR. SANDERSON AND HIS FAMILY OWN FINE STOCK, WELL-FILLED BARNS AND 480 ACRES OF GOOD LAND

many more years, with this growing momentum? It is only thirty-nine years since 1872, when Mr. Sanderson set the modest pace that led to the swift race we are running now. Thirteen years short of a half century—but think what has come in the meanwhile. The telephone was a dim dream then. The perfecting press was still in the brains of the inventors. The scythe and the hay-rake were doing the work of the present mower and reaper. The man who might have said it would soon be possible to photograph objects through an opaque body would have been called ready for the *casa-locos*. Street cars were still dragged by horses. There was no wireless telegraphy. Electric light was a sputtering experiment. There were "velocipedes," but no bicycles, let alone motor cars. As to airships, they had not yet emerged from Mother Shipton's direful prophecy that when they should appear, "the world unto an end shall come," and the date was misguessed at "eighteen hundred eighty one." Farm life was a matter of daylight hours and backache, wearing out the feet as well as the hands,—and a farmer's wife was a willing drudge.

The farmer of to-day, who does little work that he can't do sitting in a sulky seat under a sun-umbrella, would blanch and collapse if he were to be suddenly jumped back to the old days, and confronted by the necessity of doing things as they were done then. Yet Mr. Sanderson's span of activity, not yet ended, has seen all this world-awakening. With his own eyes he has seen it, and with his own hands followed the changing fashions of his occupation, from the primitive emptiness of the prairie and the first furrow driven through the sod with his ox-drawn plow, to the latest thing that multiplies man-power and cuts down toil. The cheery call of the plover has given way to human voices over the fields. The horizon-filling plains whose idleness he invaded have welcomed the units of a mighty commonwealth, whose products feed the people of other lands, and whose capital looms large in the world's catalogue of great places. It has been given to him to see much, and to have done—perhaps better than he knew—a thing so pregnant as to lead a movement out of which a nation is emerging into the full brilliance of a wonder-age

A department of theatrical comment and gossip, edited by Irene Currie Love and illustrated with portrait sketches from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

A GENTLEMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI.

ONE OF the most interesting phases of the life of our Yankee cousins is their devotion to politics. Next to the pursuit of the Almighty Dollar, their interest in the political game is their most pronounced characteristic.

Perhaps it is because of this national peculiarity that "A Gentleman from Mississippi" has had such a remarkably successful run in the United States, for while the play abounds with humor, sparkling dialogue and dramatic situations, it is nevertheless, essentially a drama of politics.

William H. Langdon has just been elected by the people of Mississippi to represent them in the Senate and he goes to Washington, filled with the determination that nothing shall come between him and his loyalty to his constituents. He is of the old school and he considers that it is not the act of a gentleman to make money out of the government of which he is a member.

Holding these views, it is not long before he runs against the "graft ring." Honorable himself, he is far from suspecting his fellow-senators of dishonesty, when his clever young secretary, a newspaper man, who knows the political game from a to z discovers a plot whereby lands which were secretly held by the "ring," and which were absolutely necessary to the government, were to be sold to the government at exorbitant prices. He finds also that "his" Senator's honor is itself involved.

Then, indeed, the Senator, never forgetting that he is a "southern gentleman, suh," fights, and fights well.

"Poker was invented in Mississippi," he says, and so he tries poker methods on the Senate and, by working his game of bluff, he thoroughly scares the plotters. He tells them to be in his office at 12:30 the next day, prepared to accede to his demands or face exposure in the Chambers.

Utterly bewildered, they leave the room and as they go out, the secretary asks, "Senator, what are you going to do to-morrow at 12:30," and the Senator, throwing one arm over the boy's shoulder, replies, "Damned if I know."

But he thinks it out. "Let me go away by myself and incubate," he says, and he hatches a plot for the undoing of the gentlemen who regard politics merely as a means of obtaining "perfectly legitimate and regular commercial advantages."

His scheme is that he shall rise at his desk and tell the listening Senate and the great world outside that these

men have bought land, only to sell to the government at exactly the prices they paid for it, with the purpose of preventing the speculation of dishonest citizens who would have defrauded their country.

"And then," thunders the Senator, "when I have made you honest in spite of yourselves, will any of you dare to get up and prove himself disloyal to his country and his pledge?"

None of them dares.

"It's not practical politics," grumbles one.

"No," replies the Senator, "but it's the kind of politics we hope to have in the future"

THE CURE THAT FAILED

THOMAS A. WISE, co-author and star of "A Gentleman from Mississippi," is, to put it mildly, somewhat overburdened with *avoirdupois*. When an agent for an anti-fat academy approached him, therefore, he was ready to listen to the specious arguments and glittering promises held forth by the wily gentleman who guaranteed to take off a substantial amount of flesh in return for a cash deposit of one hundred dollars—payable strictly in advance. Mr. Wise put down his money and manfully started in to take treatment. They laid him on a marble slab, pounded him, kneaded him, punched him and slapped him, until he was bruised and sore from head to foot. After two treatments, he arose in his wrath and said, "Well, I'd rather be fat and happy than thin and sore. Keep your hundred," and he departed from the society of the "rollers" for good.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS

The political game is a corking one—just as a game.

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

LAURA BUTLER

Formerly with the Imperial Opera Company at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto. Now playing "Mrs. Spangler" in "A Gentleman from Mississippi"

In politics, we don't need parties, we need men.

Old Colonel Beverley Stoneman, of Illinois, is fighting over again with Senator Langdon, the "Battle of the Tennessee."

"And you," he said," were the young fool who led the charge up the hill—fifty yards in advance of your regiment."

"Where in hell did you think I'd be?" asks the Senator.

It's pretty hard to make me see a thing differently when someone has made me see it—straight.

"Women must have an equal chance with men."

"Yes, an equal chance to have the same virtues, not the same vices."

Don't underrate the fat man. Remember a heavy weight is making good as president of the United States.

—"A Gentleman from Mississippi."

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

FRANK J. MCINTYRE

Who created the role of "Bob Blake" in "The Traveling Salesman"

PLUMPNESS AND POPULARITY

"NOBODY loves a fat man" is an adage that has been quite disproved by the experience of Mr. Frank J. McIntyre, who created the name part in "The Traveling Salesman" a little over a year ago, and who has played it continuously ever since, for Mr. McIntyre seems to be popular with every one, from manager to stage-hand behind the scenes, and from box to gallery "out front".

His success as Bob Blake has been so marked, indeed, that Mr. Harris is to star him as soon as the vogue of "The Traveling Salesman" gives signs of waning, which time does not seem very near at hand.

So many of the leading players of the American stage owe allegiance to Canada, either by birth or education, that it was no surprise to find that Mr. McIntyre had spent "five of the best years of my life" at Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario.

"Yes," he said, "my father wanted me to be a priest. One of my sisters is a nun, and he thought he would like the religious element in the family to predominate. After receiving my preliminary education at Ann Arbor, where I was born, I was sent to Sandwich to complete my course.

"But the sanctitude of the abbey had not the appeal to me that it should have had. I had the stage bee in my bonnet although, at that time, I wanted to go into operatic work.

"So, when I left college, I went back to Ann Arbor to teach music, and among the other joys of my life there was included a German singing-class. Can you imagine a man with a "Mc"

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

LOLA MAY

As "Hope Georgia Langdon" in 'A Gentleman from Mississippi"

to his name conducting a German class? It was lovely!

"I worried along there for about a year, always with this stage idea in the back of my mind, until I had saved up enough money to go to New York. Then I made the big jump and started in with Frank Keenan in the "Honorable John Grigsby". We came into New York the first year and had a Broadway appearance.

"Wasn't that luck? Fancy getting on Broadway in your first year. Of course that made me and next year I was with Bessie Tyree in "Captain Molly," then a year with Nat Goodwin, a year with Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp," two years with "Strongheart," and a year with "Classmates".

"Just seven years of stage work until this engagement came, and this is such a bully part, isn't it? I've had such

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

RUTH SHEPLEY
As "Carolina Langdon" in "A Gentleman from Mississippi"

luck, you know. My parts have made me."

Fancy such modesty from a leading man!

"You'll send me this interview when it comes out, won't you?" he went on. "You see, I like to keep all my souvenirs. I have books full of letters, photographs, newspaper clippings, and everything like that. I even keep all my costumes and wigs. I have trunks full of my stage clothes, and right now, I could dress for any part I've ever played, even to the wig.

"Sentiment? Yes, perhaps it is, but I do love the work and I love every part in all my stage experience."

The electric fan was whirling in the little dressing-room and Olaf, the Swedish valet, was utilizing a palm leaf fan as well.

"It must be pretty hard," one remarked, "to play winter scenes, wearing heavy clothes in such hot weather as this."

"It's dreadful. I have tried all sorts of schemes. I've worn rubber collars but I found that, though they did not wilt, they made me perspire so dreadfully that little rivulets of water would run from my neck down my chest and back.

"So, I discarded those and now I wear about fifteen of the ordinary

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

RICHARD CARLE

collars during one performance. I have to change every time I come off the stage. I have duplicate shirts, duplicate suits of clothes, duplicate everything, and you'll laugh when I tell you how I keep them in condition.

"My hotel is very near here, and Olaf runs over with my garments and hangs them to dry in the steam room of the laundry over there. When they're dried out, he takes them down to the ice-plant until they're cold, then brings them over to the theatre for me to put on, all cool and ready for me.

"That's one of my patented schemes for how to be happy, though hot. Yes, I'm coming," to the call-boy, and the interview was over.

FLASHES OF FUN

"Which is Mrs. Hill?"

"The one Mr. Hill's paying no attention to."

All married women should wear blinders. They'd be happier if they did.

I never could trust a man so all fired polite. 'Tain't natural.

My bump of locality is a dimple.

Aren't they wearing the bread thin in sandwiches this year?

Any time you're better than your job, quit it.

Girls are all different at the beginning —but they're pretty much alike at the finish.

If a drummer heaves in sight, all the old ladies yell, "Run, daughter! The Indians are in sight!" Us and the soubrettes, when we *are* on the level, who believes us?

It's pretty hard to keep a strangle hold on home ties, when you only see home twice a year.

I may not know all about women, but that crying spell looks to me like a thaw had set in and the ice was moving.

Being in love is simon pure hell.

A drunken man sees big and talks large.

Blow the Christmas season. A fellow gets feeling so blue and so lonesome, he's liable to catch anything with the pores of his heart all open.

When it comes to cuddling up to the boss to boost my own game, I'm a few chips shy.

—"The Traveling Salesman."

RICHARD CARLE

ONE of the most interesting figures on the stage to-day is that of Richard Carle, who is unique in that he combines the functions of comedian, playwright, song-writer, manager and star—all in one, and is successful in all of them.

The keynote of his success is, perhaps, best expressed in this one saying of his, "Don't be too serious. A joke may prevent a tragedy." Always, he carries out that idea. If rehearsing a chorus, he laughs when they make mistakes, instead of becoming angry, and talks to them in that inimitable Carle-ian way, until they, too, are laughing, forgetting to make mistakes, and presto, the new dance step is learned.

Worry is unknown to him. Work is a genuine delight. Money exists only to give pleasure to others. These are the three planks in the platform of his scheme of living. It's a scheme that seems to work out well.

THE DIFFERENCE

A boost travels by slow freight—a knock takes the lightning express.—Richard Carle.

THANKS TO SENATOR ALDRICH

THE dark-brown mouse that has emerged from the mountain in labor at Washington will gnaw no strand out of the trade net that stretches along the international boundary. It is unnecessary to go into detailed consideration of the new tariff act to get a clear understanding of the main fact that it will keep Canada out of the United States market, more strictly than before—and that will be a good thing for Canada. This country was practically pushed into itself by the Washington Government at the time when its desires were all faced southward. The consequence was the development of our own resources and industries, and in that we have prospered as we never could have done through a more open trade reciprocity. Canada loses little and is slated to gain much by the new law.

WILLIAM WHYTE

THE RESPONSE TO MR. WHYTE

IT IS a long time since anything in print attracted as wide and earnest attention as that which was given to William Whyte's article in the July issue of this magazine on the conservation of natural resources. The article has been quoted or copied in full by most of the leading publications in the Dominion, and the comment upon it has been emphatic in approval. The effect is bound to be felt in the bent of public attention toward the protection of forests and the maintenance of watercourses Mr. Whyte's arguments and statements of fact were singularly calm and lucid, as befitted a subject of such grave importance. His appeal was direct and has met fitting response.

SAFETY FROM HARD TIMES

THE one thing that operates with the greatest certainty against any set back to the prosperity of the

FREDERICK A. NOTEWARE
The cover design for this issue of CANADA WEST MONTHLY is from the brush of Mr Noteware

western provinces is well and timely pointed out by Principal James Robertson of MacDonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec. It is the recently developed practice of widening the range of things produced by the farmers. Professor Robertson finds this practice especially well established in Southern Alberta. "Hard times," says he, in a recently published interview, "will never again affect that region. The interests there are so diversified that there is no possibility of pronounced depression." The interview was given out after a tour of the West, and embodies the result of wide and careful observation.

"All through Southern Alberta," adds Professor Robertson, "farmers are adopting diversified agriculture, which places them in a position of security." And then, significantly: "By reason of that very diversity, it is not possible for me to estimate the ultimate value of farm lands. That will be determined by the degree of intelligence the agriculturists themselves use in the cultivation of the soil." A safe condition, for in no part of the world is the land worked by a body of farmers more skilful and broad-minded than those of all western Canada. This superiority is the subject of remark with all who have occasion to travel through the country and come in contact with the people.

A DIME, OR A DOLLAR?

FEAR that the activity of Ottawa Valley interests in soliciting the support of western journals for the early completion of the Georgian Bay Canal may delay work on the Hudson Bay railway, has led H. C. Beatty, secretary to the Prince Albert board of trade, to request a reply to the question, "A whole loaf for ten cents, or a half loaf for one dollar—which do you prefer?"

Ten cents' worth forever, on that basis! So far the answer is easy. But Mr. Beatty adds a complicated hypothetical case, with another question tacked to the tail of it. He puts the cost of the railway to Hudson Bay and the opening of that route to Liverpool, at ten million dollars. Then he puts the cost of the Georgian Bay canal at a hundred millions. He says "Moreover, the Hudson Bay railway will cut the equivalent cost of transportation from Fort William or Port Arthur to seaboard out of existence, while the Georgian Bay canal will at best but cut it in half." Then, says he, "Which do you want first?" The unhesitating reply is: Both. The Hudson Bay line could and should be finished first, but that need not postpone work on the Georgian Bay project.

The important thing is that all possible outlets should be prepared for the exports of the West, and so prepared that each great producing area shall have an outlet of its own near at hand. The law of cost in commercial movements, in its utterly irresistible operation, will determine the limits of the zone from which each outlet shall draw. This is a big country—a very big country, with a steadily and heavily rising tide of grain production, spreading out over regions so enormous that carrier lines for its surplus must focus at Liverpool from all directions, taking from each place of origin the shortest

way, or (which is more precise) the least costly.

You can't pour Niagara through the spout of a teakettle. The Hudson Bay route and the Georgian Bay canal are both necessary provisions for a future that is drawing near with greater rapidity than most of us realize—for a tremendously enlarged Canada, commercially and productively speaking. It is not intended to touch lightly on so serious a matter as construction costs; but those costs must be incurred in behalf of a posterity not far removed, and posterity must pay for the benefit by taking up bonds, which it will be amply able to do.

A DISCOVERY

PRESIDENT DAVID STARR JORDAN, of the Leland Stanford University, at Palo Alto, California, in the course of his work as a member of the International Fisheries Commission, visited Lake Winnipeg this summer and made a discovery. While Lake Winnipeg is not involved with any question before the Commission, it has its fishing grounds. According to Professor Jordan, its white fish are "the finest in the world". Professor Jordan certainly does know fish from fishes, in their varying qualities and kinds, but his discovery was probably more in the way of a surprise to him than it could be to any dweller along those shores.

It is curious that the fishing industry of Manitoba is so little heard of by the world outside, for it is a large one, prudently managed, and yielding revenues running into hundreds of thousands a year. Not only the firmest and most finely flavored whitefish are taken there—every whit as good if not better than the same variety taken in Lake Superior—but there are many other fishes, and a distinctly important manufacture of fish-products is being built up near the lake. For example, a caviar is being made from the sturgeon of Lake Winnipeg that an expert could not tell from the famous Russian article. Manitoba people have much to be proud of, but they are overmodest in their exploitation work, or so eminent an authority as Professor Jordan would have heard of these things before. Professor Prince, Dominion Commissioner of Fisheries, was his companion on this trip, and warmly concurred in his opinion, with a declared intention to report the opinion to the British Association.

CANADA : THE LAND OF CONTRASTS

JAMES F. MUIRHEAD, the American editor of Baedeker's guide books, called his fascinating work on the United States, "The Land of Contrasts." The name is even more appropriate for Canada. For looked at geographically, what greater contrast could be presented than that between the great lakes and the great plains, or between the "sea of mountains" and the vast sweep of prairies? Looked at socially, how wonderful is the contrast between the French and the English elements in the population of Canada, the one preserving a

WALTER P. MCGUIRE

With his wife and baby on the verandah of their home. Mr. McGuire is the author of "With the Invading Yankees" in this number of CANADA WEST MONTHLY

picturesque medievalism, the other representing the last word in the rush of modern progress! Looked at historically, where, according to the popular view, could a greater contrast be found than between the centuries of conflict which Parkman described is his picturesque volumes and the slow, quiet growth of the Canadian West, which even since the Canadian Pacific Railway was built has been in the happy condition of a land without a history. But that this view, common as it is in the eastern provinces, is a mistaken one we soon learn from the book before us: "Where the Buffalo Roamed," by E. L. Marsh (Toronto, Wm. Briggs, 1909).

Yet the fascination of contrast is quite apparent in Miss Marsh's book. The very title suggests it. That these immense regions of the Canadian West over which the buffalo and wild Indians roamed should within a generation become the most progressive region in the whole world is one of the marvels of our marvelous age. That the buffalos themselves should have passed away almost as completely as the aurochs of early Europe, who could have anticipated? That these barren regions, as they were supposed to be, should prove to be the granary of the British Empire, the El Dorado of progressive Americans, and the happy home of foreigners from every clime, is the happening of the unexpected in a rare degree. That one of these new provinces should be calling for tenders for a million dollars worth of university buildings is perhaps the best sign of all that this progress will not be merely material, but will be guided by the stored-up wisdom of the centuries of human effort that lie behind us in the history of the race. It argues well for the success of a book that deserves to succeed, that the author should have been able to suggest to the mind all these wonderful contrasts in a single compact phrase.

The longer one contemplates this subject the more one feels convinced that a great future is in reserve for Canada. As this whole continent was kept for the development in new conditions, untrammeled by the traditions of the past, of the ideas that sprang from the renaissance, that New Birth of the sixteenth century, so the Canadian West seems destined to be at once the seeding-ground and the forcing house for the propagation of the new ideas that are stirring in this quick forge and working-house of thought, the twentieth century.

It is fitting that as the early colonists of North America were apparently chosen vessels, so the first settlers of the Canadian West were of a heroic type. Their qualities are not sufficiently known in the land of their adoption, but their virtues appear in the most interesting light in Miss Marsh's account of the early explorers and the Selkirk settlement. It should make all Canadians, whether immigrant or native born, proud of their country, to read the stories that have been so well retold in these chapters from the life of the past.

Among the happy chances of those early days not the least fortunate for the historian was the fact that a discreet and discriminating artist, Paul Kane, made a special study of the manners and customs of the Indians, thus doing for Canada with his brush, what Schoolcraft did for the United States with his pen. It will be of interest to know that these paintings, now the property of Mr. E. B. Osler, of Toronto, have been for some years loaned by him to the University of Toronto. Here they adorn the two fine examination halls in the main building which, since the fire of 1890, have preserved the memory of the old library and museum of University College, where so many distinguished westerners passed part of their student days. By the kindness of the owner, Miss Marsh has been able to secure copies of some of these paintings for her book, which will serve as a kind of Baedeker to the collection, and may also help to draw visitors to it from the West.

This book, while intended for youthful readers, will be found very interesting by their elders, and for the reasons already given deserves a careful reading both in the east and in the west. It might serve very well as an introductory text-book of history in the schools of

the west, or for supplementary reading in the older provinces, whose children should now begin to learn something of the early history of the Greater Dominion beyond the lakes. Better still, it might serve as a gift-book for our new citizens to send back to the "Old Country" or to the "States" as an evidence that their new home has its worthy historical traditions, making appeal to the highest principles of patriotism.

DAVID R. KEYS.

WAYLAID BY WIRELESS

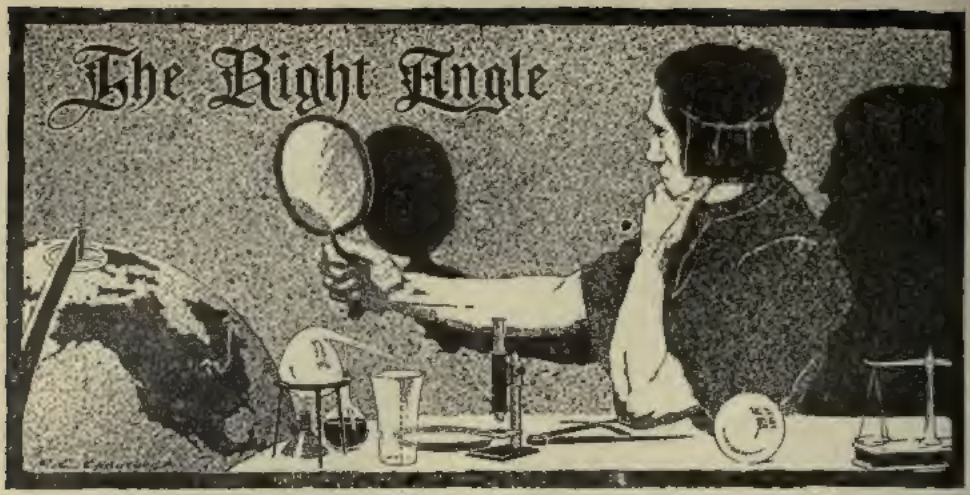
EDWIN BALMER is out with a new book, "Waylaid by Wireless" (Small, Maynard & Co., $1.50) that will catch and hold public interest by its ingenuity of plot and the deft manner of its narration. Mr. Balmer is the especial celebrant of aerial telegraphy. He was the first to see its possibilities in romance and the most assiduous in using them. The scheme and part of the narrative recall the English scenes in Stevenson's "Wreckers" with a parallel of adventure and rascality—to say which is not to criticise Mr. Balmer, but to pay him a compliment. The story follows the fortunes of a gentleman adventurer who tours the cathedral towns of England and adroitly separates certain opulent tourists from their cash and jewelry. But it is a love tale, and

EDWIN BALMER

this adroit person is not the hero, but only the fountain of action. By a clever manipulation of the "wireless," he fastens the guilt for his thefts upon a young American, called Preston, who is extricated from an apparently impossible situation with the assistance of Ethel Varris, a clever American girl.

Mr. Balmer has approached his story with a sense of humor and keen delight in his subject that give the book a delightful freshness and charm. It is not only excellent reading, but a good travelogue as well.

J. ARBUTHNOTTE



A REAL BOY

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

There's a joy that is a joy
In a boy that is a boy—
Just a romping, reckless tyke
That the whole world round must like;
Freckled, awkward, lank and slim,
Hat that's minus band and brim,
With a trailing dog, or pup
That betimes will trip him up.

In the morning out and gone
At the bugles of the dawn,
Finding wondrous games to play
In each nook along the way,
Wading brooks and climbing trees,
Pestering the honeybees
Till they sting him in despair—
But what does a real boy care?

In at noon to bolt his lunch,
Then a run to join the "bunch";
Shouts and yells and battle-call
Over strife with bat and ball,
Or a make-believe affray
With the pirates in his play;
Blisters, stone-bruise on his heel,
Scratches that his baths reveal.

Crooning in a sing-song twang,
Horrifying by his slang,
Giving everyone the shakes
By his chumminess with snakes,
Naming with a careless shrug
Every beetle, bird and bug,
Ruminant upon the grass
Watching all the clouds that pass.

Coming home at fall of night,
Grimed and marred from play and fight,
Braggadocio, weary—Yes,
With a wondrous weariness.
Dreaming on with smiles and sighs
After sleep has closed his eyes—
There's a joy that is a joy
In a boy that is a boy!

A BLIGHTED CAREER

"IN me, mum," says the weary wayfarer who is applying for a lunch, "you see a victim of medicine."

"What kind of medicine?" asks the woman at the door.

"Hair tonic, mum. I used to be perfectly bald, but was induced to try a hair renewer, which grew this head of hair for me, and I lost my job as nest egg on an ostrich farm."

"SAY IT QUICK."

"WHY is a man who rises at eight in the morning a vegetable timepiece?"

"Because he's up at 8 o'clock."

(Bing)!

IN MEMORIAM

By C. L. Armstrong

De Rimer was a Poet whom the Editors abhorred
He had a Bear, named Laurie—a ferocious beast when bored,
And poor De Rimer bored him—I weep to pen his fate,
But now he is the Poet Laurie ate.